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ART. I. — *Histoire de Charles-Edouard, dernier Prince de la Maison de Stuart, précédée d'une Histoire de la Rivalité de l'Angleterre et de l'Écosse.* Par AMÉDÉE PICHOT, D. M. Quatrième Édition, revue, corrigée, et augmentée de Pièces inédites. Paris : Librairie d'Amyot, Éditeur. 1845 et 1846. 2 vol. 8vo. .

As you enter the left aisle of the church of St. Peter's at Rome, the first object which attracts your attention is a marble slab, cut out like the doors of a vault, with two figures on the sides, and three heads in medallion above. In the character of the heads there is nothing very remarkable, although the artist has evidently given to every feature the last touches, as if engaged upon a subject worthy of the highest efforts of his chisel. But in the figures at the sides of the vault-door there is something so sweet and touching, such a mingling of grace and solemnity in their delicate forms and thoughtful countenances, that, as they stand there with their faces cast down and their torches reversed, with an expression rather of sadness than of poignant grief, a feeling of sympathetic melancholy steals over you unawares, and you instinctively raise your eyes once more to see who they were whose last slumbers are guarded by forms of such angelic beauty. Then, perhaps, you will find something more there than you could distinguish at a first glance, — piety, resignation, and somewhat of that sorrow which, however manfully the heart may bear up against it, still leaves traces of the struggle behind. On the tablet above are engraved in golden letters,

without any other comment than a verse of Scripture, which, for the propriety of the allusion, would have suited any tomb as well, the names of the last three descendants of the royal house of Stuart.

Of two of these, history, of which this great fabric is so full, has but little to record, beyond the weakness and superstition of the father, and the benevolence and purer piety of the younger son. But the elder has left a brighter trace behind him, and for a while bid fair to rival the glories and redeem the errors of his race. Then came a dark cloud, and the name of the Stuarts was blotted out for ever from the page of living history. It is to the heroic, daring, and romantic adventures of this brief though brilliant period that we propose to call the attention of our readers in the following pages.

The year 1721 had opened under happy auspices for the partisans of the Stuarts, for an heir had been born to the throne, and their hopes and affections, so long chilled by the weakness of the father, were turned with double warmth to the son. All the pomp of royal etiquette had been rigorously observed at the birth of Charles Edward. The nobles of his three kingdoms had been summoned to attend on this important occasion; the apartment was crowded with cardinals and prelates; rich gifts were offered around the cradle, and a royal salute from the cannon of St. Angelo showed how deep an interest the Catholic world still felt in the fortunes of a family which had sacrificed a throne to its zeal for the religion of its fathers.

The first years of the young prince were passed under the eye of his mother, to whom he is supposed to have been indebted for that heroic fortitude which was far from being a family trait, and in which his father was so singularly deficient. One of his earliest instructors was the Chevalier de Ramsay, the friend and the pupil of Fénélon. Charles Edward soon spoke English, French, and Italian with equal facility, and displayed very early a decided taste for music. But in other branches, although provided with good masters, his progress was far from being great, and the President Des Brosses, who had frequent opportunities of seeing him in his youth, says that his mind at twenty was by no means so well formed as it ought to have been in a prince of that age. It was not, however, from any want of intelligence, but his

thoughts were elsewhere, and Rome, with all the charm of her arts and the grandeur of her antiquities, could not call them away from their favorite subject of meditation. The presentiment of his destiny seems to have weighed upon him from a child. English travellers were his favorite guests, and England was the favorite topic of his conversation. On a sail from Gaeta to Naples, his hat fell into the sea. The sailors were for putting about to row after it. "Let it alone," said he; "the waves will carry it to England, and I will some day or other go there for it myself."

When fourteen years old, he followed his cousin, Marshal Berwick, to the siege of Gaeta. The trench was already opened, and immediately upon his arrival he entered it and remained some time there, with the greatest coolness, in the midst of a shower of balls. Next day he went to wait upon the Marshal at his quarters in a house against which the enemy were directing their fire. The walls were riddled with bullets, and his attendants made every effort to prevent him from entering; but in spite of all their entreaties, in which the marshal, too, had vainly united, he persisted in making his visit. All these little traits were carefully noted by his adherents, who repeated them to one another with the fondest anticipations. "Would to God," says Marshal Berwick in a letter to his brother, "that the worst enemies of the Stuarts could have been witnesses of his conduct during the siege. It would have won many of them back again."

From Gaeta he went to Naples, where he produced the same favorable impression at court, by the grace and elegance of his manners, which he had done at the army, by his coolness and intrepidity. The summer following he made a campaign in Lombardy, and two years after visited the principal cities of Upper Italy, in all of which he was received with the honors due to his rank. The next few years must have hung heavily upon his hands, for he had tasted just enough of the excitement of active life to feel the oppression of that monotonous existence where one day passes like another, and at the end of the year one finds himself nearer to nothing but his grave. His passion for music served to while away some portion of the time, and the weekly concerts, in which he played the violoncello and his brother sang, were frequented by men of taste as the best music in Rome. But his favorite amusement was the chase,

which gave a freer play to his natural vivacity, and enabled him to preserve the active habits he had formed in the camp.

Hunting in the Pontine marshes is not that tame amusement which it has come to be with us. You build a hut of boughs and branches, or, clearing away the earth from some moss-covered ruin, spread a bed of leaves or straw in one corner, and your table of stone in another. Here you come for shelter from the storm, and here is cooked the game which you have won during the day, and here you sleep. Around you expands the broad tract of the marshes, with its long grass and green trees, so beautiful to the eye. Before you is the deep blue of the Mediterranean, where you see the sun set with a glow unknown to northern climes; and at night you may hear afar off the deep murmur of its waves mingling with the solemn voices of the night wind. Behind you and at your side, mountains, girding the plain as with a cincture, and swelling upward, one behind another, till they are lost in the distance. The Circean cape to the south, with its dark outline stretching boldly into the sea, and reminding you of Ulysses and Circe, and the days when history and fable were one. To the east the precipitous wall of the Apennines, with Cora, whence Juno's temple looks down upon you from its rocky seat, and Massimo, hanging like an eagle's nest amid precipices and crags. And on the north the gently swelling slope of the Alban mount, with the white-walled convent that crowns its wooded cone, and the vineyards and olive-orchards that cluster in rich profusion round its base. And the game is worthy of a scene where every object carries you back to days in which the chase was a living image of war; the boar, with his bristled skin, his foam-covered tusks, and flaming eyes. The dogs, a strong, bold breed, and trained to the deadly sport, rouse the fierce animal from his lair, and, yelling wildly on his track, tell you where to look for the prey. On he comes, with a quick, short step, grinding his teeth until the foam flies from them like spray, his small eyes glowing like living fire, and breaking his way with headlong speed through bush and brake. Every huntsman has his stand in the space through which he is expected to pass, and each fires in turn, as he draws nigh; but it is a quick hand and a sure eye and perfect coolness alone that can give you success. Woe, too,

to the poor dog that is first to approach him, when, maddened by pain, and with speed diminished by the loss of blood, he turns for the final struggle. Some are ripped up by a single plunge of his tusks, some tossed in the air, some crushed beneath him as he falls ; and not unfrequently the huntsman, too, counts himself happy, if a slight flesh-wound is the only mark which he bears away from the deadly contest.

Such scenes were for Charles Edward no bad preparation for what he was so soon to undergo, in guiding the last effort of the Stuarts for the throne of their fathers. At length, the long wished-for moment seemed to have arrived. France was on the point of taking an active part in the war of the Austrian succession, and looked to a rising in favor of the exiled family as the surest means of finding employment for the English monarch at home. A body of fifteen thousand men was to invade England, under the command of Marshal Saxe, and all the principal measures were to be concerted at Paris, with Charles Edward himself. Still the whole negotiation was enveloped in a veil of the deepest mystery. At Rome the Bailli de Tencin and Cardinal Acquaviva acted as agents for France, and not a word was said to the ambassador. Charles Edward, the most important personage in the whole drama, was to be kept as long as possible in the background, and to conceal both his departure from Rome and his arrival at Paris.

A hunting-party to the marshes was made the pretext for leaving Rome, and the prince, pretending to have sprained his foot on the road, separated from his companions, and, assuming the dress and medal of the Spanish courier, pushed forward, with the utmost speed, for Genoa. Here he embarked in a felucca for Antibes. The wind was against him, and he was compelled to pass through the midst of an English squadron, enemies now, but soon, he hoped, to become his subjects and defenders. On the 13th of January, he reached Antibes, near the spot where, seventy-one years later, Napoleon was to land on his return from Elba. Reporting himself and his companion to the commandant as Englishmen, under the names of Graham and Mattock, he mounted a post-horse and took the road to Paris. At Avignon, he had an hour's interview with the Duke of Ormond, and by the 20th was already in the capital.

Here every thing seemed to favor his hopes. The army

of invasion was assembling in the north, and a fleet of transports at Dunkirk. Marshal Saxe, who till then had manifested but little inclination for the enterprise which he had been chosen to command, was completely won over by the prince's enthusiasm, and entered heartily into his views. The king, it is true, still refused to receive him at court, and his negotiations were drawn out through indirect channels ; but here, at last, was something done, and something doing, and the speedy promise of more.

But all these bright prospects were suddenly overcast. A tempest scattered the French and English fleets, as they were upon the point of engaging, and wrecked several transports in which a portion of the troops had already been embarked. Marshal Saxe was ordered into Flanders to take command of the army, with which he fought, next year, the decisive battle of Fontenoy ; and the court relapsed into that system of tergiversation and indifference by which it had already tried the patience of the Jacobites so severely. Charles Edward retired to Gravelines, deeply depressed, but not disheartened ; and not long afterwards, took a house in the neighbourhood of Paris, where, to use his own words, he led the life of a hermit. Months passed away in fruitless remonstrances and negotiations, until he became convinced that no efficient aid could be expected from the court of Versailles. It has subsequently been shown, that Louis the Fifteenth had been induced to abandon an enterprise which promised him so much advantage by the remonstrances of his Protestant allies, justly alarmed at the prospect of so formidable an accession to the Catholic cause.

And now it was that the heroic character of the young prince shone out in full lustre. It had been in compliance with the wishes of his adherents, rather than by his own free will, that he had consented to the French invasion ; for, unlike a prince of our own times, his heart revolted at the idea of ascending the throne of his fathers under the escort of foreign bayonets. His partisans were far from sharing his scruples, and the assistance of a body of French troops was a condition upon which they had constantly insisted throughout all their negotiations. This they could no longer count upon, and it now remained to be decided whether the enterprise should be abandoned, or made with such forces as could be raised upon the spot.

His decision was promptly taken, and, fully aware how much opposition it would meet with in every quarter, he resolved to carry on his preparations with all possible secrecy. There was living at that time, at Nantes, an adherent of the Stuarts by the name of Walsh, whose father had distinguished himself, on several occasions, by his devotion to the exiled monarch, and had received the title of Count in reward for his services. The son had engaged in commerce and privateering, which, according to the ideas of Brittany, were no spot upon his nobility. To him it was that Charles Edward addressed himself for the means of transportation, and by his zeal and activity an old ship of eighteen guns, called the *Elizabeth*, and the *Doutelle*, a frigate of twenty guns, were fitted up, as if for a cruise to the northward, and freighted with arms and ammunition. Another exile, a banker, named Rutledge, advanced part of the money, and Charles sent word to Rome to raise what they could upon his jewels, declaring that he should never be able to wear them with any degree of pleasure, when he remembered how much better they might have been employed.

The moment that his preparations were completed, he set out from the castle of Navarre, where he had been staying with his friend and cousin, the young Duc de Bouillon, and hastened with the utmost secrecy to the place of embarkation at St. Nazaire, at the mouth of the Loire. The letters announcing his intentions to his father and to the king of France were kept back until he was beyond the reach of remonstrance. The wind was against him, and he was compelled to curb his impatience for a few days longer. At last it changed in his favor, and on the 2d of July, 1745, entering a fisherman's boat in the disguise of a student from the Scotch college of Paris, he was quickly wafted to the side of the *Doutelle*. Walsh himself had assumed the command ; and with him were seven others, devoted adherents of the exiled family, who had resolved to stand by their prince in this last and apparently desperate effort for the throne of his fathers.

On the 12th, they were joined by the *Elizabeth* at the rendezvous, at Belle Isle, and spread their sails for Scotland. The first three days went calmly by ; but on the fourth they descried a strange sail, which, approaching the *Elizabeth*, hoisted English colors. It was the *Lion*, a fifty-eight gun



ship, commanded by Captain Brett, afterwards Lord Percy. The *Elizabeth* immediately ranged up with her, and opened a destructive fire. For several hours a heavy cannonade was kept up on both sides, during which both captains were wounded, and each vessel suffered severely. At the sound of the first gun, Charles Edward, forgetting his assumed character, hurried to the deck, calling loudly for a sword, and insisting that the *Doutelle* should come in for her part of the honors of the combat. "Monsieur l'Abbé," said Walsh, taking him hastily by the arm, "this is not your place ; have the goodness to withdraw to your cabin." The combat lasted till nightfall, when both ships, being too much disabled to keep the sea, sought the nearest ports, as best they could. The *Doutelle* held on her course, but this casual encounter deprived the young prince of his arms and stores, which had been embarked on board the *Elizabeth*.

Once again they were menaced with the same danger, from three ships of war which they fell in with, towards the south of Long island, and only escaped by keeping close under the western coast of Barra, and anchoring between South Uist and Eriska. As they approached the land, an eagle was seen hovering over the ship. "It is the king of birds," said the Marquis of Tullibardine, "come to welcome your Royal Highness to Scotland." It was the 1st of July, and with a joyful heart Charles Edward set foot, for the first time, on the soil of that kingdom towards which, from earliest childhood, his hopes and his wishes had been directed.

His first care was to despatch a messenger to Boisdale of Clanranald, by whose influence over the mind of the elder brother he hoped to obtain an immediate declaration of the clan. Boisdale obeyed the summons, but with a manner which showed there was little to be hoped from the interview. "I can count upon MacDonald of Sleat, and the laird of MacLeod," said the prince. "Undeceive yourself," was the inauspicious reply ; "they have both resolved not to raise a single man, unless your Royal Highness comes attended with regular forces."

This was a bad outset, and some of the party, it is said, began already to wish themselves safely back in France. Charles Edward was not so easily discouraged, but, setting sail, held on his way among the islands, to Loch Nanuagh, between Moidart and Arisaig, where he again cast anchor.

The next morning Clanranald the younger, with MacDonald of Kinloch, and the lairds of Glenaladale and Dalily, came to wait upon him. But it was evident that they, too, had adopted Boisdale's opinion, and were unwilling to risk their fortunes upon so hazardous a cast. Charles Edward put forth all his eloquence, in order to move them ; and, finding arguments fruitless, addressed himself to their feelings. "I am your prince, your countryman, your friend," said he ; "do not abandon the son of your king !" In the group on the deck was a younger brother of MacDonald of Kinloch Moidart, who, without knowing the full purport of the conversation, had caught enough of its meaning to understand how nearly it touched the loyalty of his clan. His eyes lighted up, his color went and came, and in the warmth of his emotions, he grasped the hilt of his claymore with an energy that drew the attention of the prince. "And you," said he, turning to the only one who appeared to feel for his situation, "will you not fight for me ?" "Yes," replied the gallant youth, "if I were the only one in all Scotland to draw my sword, I would be ready to die for you." "I have at last found a defender," cried the prince, bursting into tears ; "give me but a few more such Scotchmen as this, and I am sure of the throne of my fathers." The impulse was irresistible, and the chiefs, giving way to their enthusiasm, swore, with one accord, to lay down their lives in his cause.

Charles Edward now landed, sending back the *Doutelle* to France, with letters to his father and the king. A guard of a hundred men immediately gathered round him, and from every quarter came young and old, men, women, and children, flocking to look upon the face of their prince.

Meanwhile, measures were taking for raising the clans. Clanranald went in person to Sir Alexander MacDonald, and the laird of MacLeod, two chiefs of great influence, who held three thousand men at their disposal. But they persisted in their refusal to rise, without the support of regular troops. Lochiel, chief of the Camerons, had come to the same decision, but resolved, out of respect to the prince, to be himself the bearer of these unwelcome tidings. "Do not risk it," said his brother ; "I know you better than you know yourself. If the prince once sets his eyes upon you, he will do whatever he pleases with you." Lochiel persisted,

and, repairing to Charles's head-quarters, frankly declared his disapprobation of the enterprise. "'T is true," said the prince, "I am come alone, when you looked to see me with an army. Evasive answers, and hopes which perhaps are false, are all that I have been able to get from the ministers of Louis, and I thank Heaven for it. Let the Elector of Hanover surround himself with foreign guards ; it is to the nation itself that I look for support. The first victory will, perhaps, hasten the arrival of the French, who will then come as allies, not as protectors." "Give me a few days for deliberation," said Lochiel, already moved by the prince's energy and fire. "No, no," replied he, with increasing animation, "I have already a few friends with me. With these I shall raise the royal standard, and announce to Great Britain that Charles Stuart is come to reclaim the crown of his ancestors, or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, whose faith and friendship my father has so often vaunted, may remain at home ; the newspapers will announce to him the fate of his prince." This bitter reproach was too much for the gallant-spirited chieftain. "Be it what it may, I will share it with you, and so shall all those over whom nature or fortune has given me control."

Without loss of time he returned home to gather his clan. This was all that Clanranald was waiting for in order to call out his own ; and small parties were soon afoot under the MacDonalds of Keppoch and Tierndreich. The rendezvous was fixed at Glenfinnin, a long, narrow valley, watered by the little torrent of Finnin, and opening on Loch Shiel, with a mound in the centre, on which the royal standard was to be raised.

Hither Charles Edward repaired on the morning of the 19th of August ; but not a plaid was to be seen, and the solemn silence of a mountain solitude overhung the glen. The only trace of living thing that he could descry was a sombre little hut, and towards this he directed his steps. The occupants received him with respect, but could give him no relief from his perplexity. It was eleven in the morning, and two hours had passed anxiously away, when the notes of a distant pibroch were heard among the hills. As the sound became more distinct, it was recognized as that of the Camerons ; and shortly after, eight hundred clansmen were seen winding their way through the pass to the place

of rendezvous. They marched in two columns, and brought with them, as the first fruits of their rising, two companies of English, whom they had made prisoners. All now gathered around the mound, where the Marquis of Tullibardine, the royal standard-bearer, unfolded the royal banner, a tissue of red silk, with a white space in the centre. As its broad folds opened upon the wind, the mountaineers threw up their caps into the air with a shout which scared the young eagles from their nests among the crags, while the pibrochs breathed forth the shrill strain of their songs of triumph, so deep and so spirit-stirring, among the echoes of the hills. And then was read the manifesto of James the Eighth, proclaiming Charles Edward regent during his absence, and the prince himself, taking the word, "told his faithful adherents how he had chosen this part of Scotland to land in, because he knew that it was here he should find the truest-hearted subjects of his father, and that he had come to conquer or to die with them." When the ceremony was completed, a guard of fifty men escorted the banner to the prince's tent, and the little army encamped in the valley for the night.

Small as his army was, Charles Edward resolved to lose no time in commencing active operations, for he knew that every thing depended upon the beginning, and that one successful blow would go farther than a thousand declarations. The alarm had been given, and Sir John Cope was already advancing against him at the head of a strong body of regular forces, with the hope of securing the passes and cooping him up among the mountains; nor could the Jacobites of the south be expected to declare themselves, until they saw some means of efficient protection at hand. He advanced, therefore, directly towards his adversary, holding his way through those wild mountain-passes and rugged glens, where every now and then some little band came to swell his forces, as the streams that flowed by him were swollen by the torrents from the hills. Upon reaching Corryarrack, the first news that he received was that Cope had suddenly renounced his plan of invasion, and was in full retreat. "Fill me a cup of whiskey," cried he, on hearing these unexpected tidings, and turning to his men; "I give you the health of this good Mr. Cope, and may every general of the usurper prove as much our friend as he has been."

A pursuit was instantly commenced, and pushed on with

Highland impetuosity as far as Garvymore, where he paused awhile to give his army a short breathing-space. But why lose more time in following an enemy who already gives himself up for conquered, when, by pressing forward, he might seize upon the capital, gathering in his adherents all along the important districts through which he would pass, and striking terror into his adversaries by a blow so daring and so unexpected? "To Edinburgh, to Edinburgh!" then, was the universal cry, and thither he directed his course, marching cheerfully at the head of his men, with his Highland bonnet and plaid, and the brogues which he had sworn never to change until he had beaten his enemy.\*

At Blair, the seat of the Duke of Athol, the clan gathered promptly around the Marquis of Tullibardine, who, by all the Jacobites, was looked upon as the real duke. As he continued his advance, the flame spread wider and wider. Sir George Murray and Lord Nairne came to offer him their swords, and the laird of Gask came with his tenantry, and the laird of Aldie with his, and as he approached Perth, he was joined by the duke, at the head of two hundred men. He was now in the midst of the cherished associations of his race, for Perth had been the favorite residence of the three Roberts and the first and second James, and at a short league's distance was the venerable abbey of Scone, where the Scottish kings were wont to receive their crown, in the days of Scotland's freedom. No wonder, then, that the inhabitants should flock out to meet him, welcoming him with feasts and acclamations, and the blushing dames plead for the honor of a kiss from his royal lips!

Here he staid a week, in order to introduce a little more system into his army, and exercise his men to some general evolutions, and raise a small contribution among the inhabitants; for a single guinea was all that remained of the money

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\* This is alluded to in a song of the times:—

"O, better loved he canna be,  
Yet when we see him wearing  
Our Highland garb sae gracefully,  
'T is aye the mair endearing.  
Though a' that now adorns his brow  
Be but a simple bonnet,  
Ere lang we 'll see of kingdoms three  
The royal crown upon it."

he had brought with him from France. Here, too, he issued several proclamations, and among them, one in reply to the offer of thirty thousand pounds, the price set upon his head by the cabinet of London, ever ready to employ any means, however infamous, for the attainment of its ends. "If any fatal occurrence," said he, at the close of his proclamation, in which he had been compelled, by the importunities of his council, to imitate a conduct which he reprobated so deeply, — "if any fatal occurrence should be the consequence of this, may the blame fall exclusively upon those who were the first to set so infamous an example." On Sunday he attended church, and listened with an air of deep attention to a sermon on the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah, in which the prophet foretells, in such glowing colors, the renewed glories of Israel. Then, having accomplished all the objects of his halt at Perth, he continued his march on the capital.

Fresh reinforcements continued to join him at every step. At Dumblane he was met by the MacDonalds of Glencoe, and by the MacGregors, still true to the faith of Rob Roy, whose own son was serving among the levies of the Duke of Perth, at the head of his father's band. At Doune, the ladies of Cambras were assembled before their houses with white ribbons as decorations for the soldiers, and with refreshments for the prince, who, unwilling to delay his march, could only quaff a wine-cup to their health, without dismounting. Some asked to kiss his hand, and one fair damsel, bolder or more enthusiastic than her companions, begged the honor of a kiss on her lips, which was gallantly given and promptly returned. Eight miles above Stirling is the ford of Frew, where some opposition might be expected from Cope's dragoons. But when the army reached it, the banks were clear, and Charles Edward, brandishing his naked sword, spurred his horse into the stream and was the first to reach the shore. Stirling opened its gates without resistance, the garrison taking refuge in the castle. His march now led him over the field of Bannockburn, a name so stirring to Scottish hearts, and Falkirk, where base jealousies and treachery, their never failing attendant, had checked in mid bloom the bright career of Wallace. The castle of Linlithgow, so dear to the chivalrous James the Fourth and to the unfortunate Mary, was again thrown open, with flourish of trumpets and waving of

banners, to a descendant of the Stuarts ; and at length, on the 17th, from the heights of Corstorphine, he caught his first view of Edinburgh.

Meanwhile, the royal city was a scene of confusion and dismay ; for of all its old fortifications the castle alone was tenable, and the army on which it had relied for defence was still at a distance. A few corps of volunteers had been hastily raised, in the urgency of the moment, and there were still two companies of Cope's dragoons, which he had left behind him on his march into the Highlands. But the danger from within was no less imminent than that from without ; for the Jacobites formed a large proportion of the population, and hatred to the Union would probably range many of the Whigs on the same side. The lord provost and counsellors themselves were well known to favor the prince in their hearts ; and although they continued to perform all their functions with a strict regard to their oath of office, it was difficult to believe that they would neglect so favorable an opportunity of aiding a cause to which they were so warmly attached. When the news of Charles Edward's landing first came, his enterprise had seemed so rash that no one ever dreamed of any thing like a serious contest. His followers were said to be a few wild Highlanders and men of desperate fortunes, whom the riot act alone would be sufficient to disperse. Thus every apprehension was lulled, and men continued their usual avocations with little or no interruption. Every other question was absorbed in the approaching elections. But when it was known that Sir John Cope had commenced a retreat, that the prince was in full march for the capital, and that the country was rising on all sides to his support, men began to look upon his undertaking in a more serious light ; the Jacobites, with hopes which they could but imperfectly conceal, and the Hanoverians, with a dejection proportioned to their former confidence. Every thing now wore the aspect of a surprise ; sudden alarms, exaggerated reports, hope and fear prevailing by turns, each transition equally sudden and equally extreme ; counsels uncertain, and varying with every new tale ; the ill disguised exultation of anticipated triumph and party hate, the more bitter from having been so long suppressed ; and that indefinable agitation with which men look forward to some great event, from which they know not whether they have most to hope or to fear.

In the midst of this uncertainty came a letter from the prince to the lord provost and council, summoning them to throw open their gates without delay, and receive the representative of their sovereign with the submission which they owed him. A deputation was sent to negotiate, which soon returned with a letter signed John Murray, saying that the prince's manifesto was a sufficient guaranty for the citizens, and calling upon them to open their gates without further delay. This had hardly been read, when a despatch from Sir John Cope was brought in, announcing his speedy arrival with all his forces. This was a last ray of hope for the Hanoverians, and some few again ventured to talk of resistance. At length, it was resolved to send another deputation to the prince, and thus contrive to gain time, the favorite resource of men who are at a loss what to decide. But Charles Edward, refusing to receive them, sent forward a body of seven or eight hundred men, with orders to find or force an entrance. They arrived just as a gate was opening to let out the carriage of the deputation on its way back to the stables, and some of them, springing forward, forced their way into the streets. Their companions quickly followed, and when, next morning, the citizens awoke from their slumbers, Edinburgh was in the hands of the Highlanders.

The joyful intelligence was quickly carried to the prince's head-quarters, at the little village of Slateford, where, curbing his impatience as best he could, he had thrown himself upon his bed in his clothes, and had barely slept two hours when the messenger came. He immediately mounted his horse and put his army in motion. It was still early in the morning as he approached the city; but the King's Park, by which he was to enter, was already filled with a crowd of both sexes and every age. From an eminence near the Hermitage of St. Anthony, he could see the white banner of the Stuarts waving once more from his ancestral towers of Holyrood. But the guns of the castle, which was still in the hands of the Hanoverians, commanded the usual entrance, and it became necessary to throw down a part of the park-wall for his passage. The Duke of Perth had presented him with a beautiful bay charger for the occasion, which he mounted on entering the park. He was still dressed in his Highland costume, distinguished only by a scarf of azure and gold, and the glittering cross of the national order of St.



Andrew. His hair fell in ringlets from under his simple blue cap, and as he rode along, the youthful bloom of his countenance, and the mingled grace and dignity of his manners, drew forth a burst of admiration from the assembled multitude. Some stubborn old Whigs pretended to discover in his smile a slight dash of melancholy, which was of no good augury for a day of triumph. But for far the greater part it was the smile and air of Robert Bruce, and as they fed their fancies upon this resemblance to one so dear, they promised themselves that the Bruce's star, too, would shine upon him, and that his simple bonnet of blue would soon be exchanged for the crown of the three kingdoms. At the palace-gate stood James Hepburn of Keith, a gray-headed old man, well known for his hostility to the principles of divine right, but who, seeing in the return of the Stuarts the only hope of obtaining the revocation of the detested act of Union, now advanced, with his sword drawn and a solemn air, to usher the prince to his apartment.

It was a happy day for Charles Edward. Thus far every thing had succeeded even beyond his warmest hopes ; and as he paced his paternal halls of Holyrood, the cries of the crowd below compelled him from time to time to show himself at the window, and he could hear the distant shout from another quarter of the city, where the herald was solemnly proclaiming the accession of James the Eighth. But this very success imposed the necessity of a still greater display of vigor, for his strength consisted almost wholly in an excited feeling, which nothing but constant action and fresh triumphs could keep alive. Without waiting, therefore, to enjoy the welcome he was receiving at Edinburgh, he advanced directly towards Sir John Cope, who was already within a few miles of the city, with an army formidable both by numbers and discipline.

The English general was just entering the plain between Preston and Seaton, when two officers, whom he had sent forward to select a camp for the night, came back at the top of their horses' speed, to announce the approach of the enemy. He instantly halted, and ranged his troops in order of battle, extending his wings towards the sea on one side, and the village of Tranent on the other. In a few moments the enemy came in sight, and each army, as they drew nigh, sent up a shout of defiance. Charles Edward had chosen a

road which brought him out upon a high ground on his adversary's flank, from which his Highlanders could charge down with their mountaineer impetuosity. This manœuvre compelled Cope to change his order, resting his right on Preston and his left on Seaton house, with the sea behind him, and in his front a morass defended by a broad, deep ditch. The position seemed impregnable.

Meanwhile, these manœuvres had drawn out the day, and when both armies came into position, it was too late for an attack. Charles Edward went with the Duke of Perth and another officer to dine at a little village inn. The hostess had hidden away her pewter spoons, for fear of the Highlanders, and had only a couple of wooden ones to supply their place with. Dividing these as they could, they contrived to drink the little dish of mutton-broth which was set before them, cutting the meat with a cleaver, and eating it with their fingers instead of forks. The British general was well supplied with every article of convenience and luxury.

Night set in cold and foggy. Through the mist gleamed the fitful light of the British watch-fires, and from time to time a random cannon-shot, breaking in upon the stillness of the scene, served to show that their experienced foe was keeping good guard. The Highlanders slept upon the ground, in their plaids, the prince in their midst, ever ready to share in the hardships that he imposed. He had hardly closed his eyes, when Lord George Murray came to tell him of a passage over the morass, which had just been pointed out by the owner of the ground, who at the same time offered to serve them as a guide. The offer was gladly accepted, and at three the men were under arms, and, filing off silently, began the passage under favor of the darkness, which effectually concealed their movements until the head of the column had reached the morass. Here they were challenged by the videttes, who discharged their pieces and galloped off to give the alarm. Charles Edward was the first to spring upon the little bridge which led across the ditch, and the head of the column, turning towards the sea, gave room for the rest to pass without breaking their ranks. The moment that all were over, a half-wheel to the left brought them into line, and the whole army pressed forward in battle order. On the right was the Duke of Perth, at the head of the MacDonalds, who claimed this as the post which Bruce himself had as-

signed them on the field of Bannockburn. The Camerons and Appin Stuarts formed the left wing, under Lord George Murray ; and in the centre were the MacGregors, with the levies of the Duke of Perth. The second line was composed of the Athols and Robertsons on the right, and the MacLachlans and MacDonalds of Glencoe on the left. The prince placed himself, with a small body-guard, between the two lines. An old cannon, too much shattered to be loaded with any thing but powder, but which the Highlanders looked upon with a sort of blind veneration, was their only artillery. The English army, though nearly equal in number, was drawn up in a single line, with the cavalry on the flanks, and six pieces of artillery on the right.

Although the men had been under arms since three o'clock, it was broad day when the battle began ; but the mist was still dense, and, swaying to and fro as the sunbeams broke through it, served to conceal the inequalities of the Highland line. As they came within gun-shot, they discharged their firelocks, and, shouting their war-cry, rushed forward, with drawn claymores, upon the enemy's ranks. Each man held a naked dirk in his left hand, and on his arm the little target,

“ Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide  
Had death so often dashed aside.”

The English presented their bayonets, and stood firm to receive the shock. But the hardy mountaineers, stooping on one knee, struck up the bayonets with their targets, pierced their enemies from below with their swords, and throwing the dead bodies upon the second line, pressed on in their headlong career. Two balls pierced the chief of the MacGregors, as he was advancing to the charge : — “ I am not dead, my children,” cried he, instantly raising himself upon his elbow, “ I am looking at you to see if you do your duty.” The Stuarts and Camerons rushed upon the artillery, and mastered it in a moment. The British line wavered ; the cavalry turned and fled, and in a moment the field was covered with the flying and their pursuers, and wounded and dead, and scattered arms ; while here and there a few, held at bay by the nature of the ground, strove to make good their stand, or yielded themselves prisoners, without waiting to count their enemies. A large number of standards, six cannon, a supply of tents, ammunition, and baggage, and a military chest of four thou-

sand pounds, were the immediate fruit of this victory, in which the conquerors lost but thirty or forty men, and the conquered five hundred killed and a thousand prisoners.

Next day the victorious troops made their triumphal entry into Edinburgh. First came the pibroch-players, a hundred men in all, playing the favorite old air of the Jacobites, —

“The king shall enjoy his own again,”—

the predictions of which seemed at last upon the point of being accomplished. Then came the clans, part in their mountain garb, and part decked out in the uniforms and ornaments which they had won from the English. Some bore aloft their own victorious banners, others those of the enemy; and a few, in the wildness of their exultation, fired their guns in the air. A ball from one of these grazed the forehead of Miss Nairn, as she stood waving her handkerchief from a balcony. “Thank Heaven,” cried she, “that it did not strike a Whig! for what would they not have said against these brave defenders of the good cause?” The prisoners, a train almost as numerous as the army itself, marched next, and the baggage and cannon of Sir John Cope closed the procession. Everywhere, as they passed along, the streets and squares were crowded with spectators; there was waving of handkerchiefs from every balcony and window, and a mingling of shouts and benedictions, as though one wish and one feeling had animated the whole population.

In this scene of triumph and exultation Charles Edward took no part; but, entering Edinburgh quietly in the evening, returned without pomp or parade to his apartments at Holyrood. His thoughts were already running forward to London, the next great point in his progress, and the first question that he brought before his council was how to make the most of his victory. His own wish was to enter England without delay, and push directly forward for the capital, while the impression produced by his victory was still fresh in the minds of his enemies, as well as of his friends. The king was still absent, the troops scattered, the cabinet taken by surprise, the Whigs disheartened and dismayed; his adherents full of hope, and ready to spring to arms at the first waving of his banner.

But these were far from being the views of his council. “A march into England,” said some, “is a serious enter-

prise, and demands mature consideration. The country is thickly peopled, and the parties nicely balanced. You have friends there, it is true ; but they are so closely watched, that you cannot count upon them. The king is absent, but the cabinet is on its guard, with all the means and resources of an established government at its command. The troops are scattered, but they are gathering rapidly, and the ministry are levying new forces. Meanwhile, you have rivers to cross, and fortified towns to pass, and supplies and provisions to collect on your march from men whom you dare not irritate by your exactions, although you can seldom hope to win them by your forbearance. And what are your means for so great an enterprise ? An army flushed indeed by victory, but which that very victory has reduced to a bare third of its original number ; for a battle, as you well know, is for your Highlanders the signal of temporary desertion ; if conquered, to seek a refuge, — if victorious, to secrete their plunder and enjoy their triumph. Soon they will all be back again, and many more with them, whom the sound of victory and the sight of spoil will draw forth, thus swelling your ranks and keeping alive that spirit of enthusiasm which stands them in the place of discipline. Await, then, their return ; hasten the long-promised succours of France ; establish yourself more firmly in Scotland ; and then, with all the resources of one kingdom at your command, you can march with confidence and security to the conquest of another.”

Some went still further. According to them, the misfortunes of the Stuarts had commenced with their claims to the throne of England. It was this that had brought the lovely Mary to the scaffold, and Charles had atoned by the same bloody penalty for an elevation so fatal to his race. “ Think, then, of Scotland, the birthplace of your fathers, the true source of their greatness, the only spot where their names are hallowed by bright and enduring associations. Make this the foundation of your strength, the starting-point of your new career. Repeal that detested Union, by which her pure fame has been degraded and the blood of her children made the spoil of a foreign tyrant. Redeem her from this abasement ; restore her to her former glory and her inalienable rights ; atone for the humiliation which the ill-judged policy, the fatal ambition, of your fathers, have brought upon her ; and what may you not hope from the self-devotion of gratitude, and the irresistible energy of independence ? ”

Thus compelled to remain in Scotland in opposition to his judgment and his wishes, Charles Edward resolved to make the most of this inauspicious delay for increasing his forces and organizing his government. He issued proclamations of amnesty and entire oblivion for all political offences. He sent circulars to all the local authorities, calling upon them to send in their reports and bring their contributions to Edinburgh. He despatched glowing accounts of his success to the court of France, urging the necessity of immediate coöperation in order to complete the work which had been so successfully begun. He renewed his applications to the chiefs who had not yet declared themselves, assuring them that they would be received as cordially as if they had joined him at the first moment ; and he sent chosen emissaries into England to consult with his partisans there, and prepare the way for his invasion of that kingdom.

Meantime, his little army was encamped at Duddingstone, about two miles from Edinburgh, where, except that there was less of hardship in it, they led nearly the same lives as at their homes among the mountains. The tents of Cope's army had been pitched for their use, but it was long before they could accustom themselves to the restraint, breathing freer in the open air, and loving to sit round their watch-fires and listen to the songs of their bards. Every day the prince came to visit them, and make his rounds in person ; and wherever he saw a group collected, he would join in their conversation with a familiarity which went directly to their hearts, for it seemed to flow from his own ; and he was always ready with some of those happy sayings which take such strong hold of the popular mind. Or if it chanced that some old bard was singing the glories of his clan, he would stop to listen and applaud, showing all the while, by his animated gestures and excited countenance, how deeply his imagination was struck by these wild old traditions of other days. Sometimes, instead of returning to town, he would pass the night in camp.

At Holyrood every thing wore the aspect of a splendid court, and the old halls, so long condemned to solitude, now rang once more with the sounds of festivity and triumph. Every morning a crowd of courtiers thronged the prince's levee, and the moment that this formality of royal life was over, he took his seat at the council-board. Then came the

public dinner and the visit of his posts ; and in the evening balls and receptions, where the wives and daughters of the Jacobites displayed their richest attire, and oftentimes, won by his grace and affability, would send next morning to pledge the jewels he had praised, in order to raise contributions for the good cause. New levies, too, were coming in from the mountains ; new chiefs declaring their adherence and enrolling their vassals ; and, notwithstanding the cautious policy of the Lowlands, a few small bands of volunteers were raised in the cities. But the most important event of all was the arrival of the Marquis d'Equilles as ambassador from France, with letters from the king, and a small supply of arms and ammunition ; and although he was not yet authorized to announce his mission openly, yet the presence of a Frenchman of rank, and the assurance that he would soon be followed by others with money and supplies, seemed a sufficient proof that the court of Versailles was at last beginning to open its eyes to its true interest, and would not long delay those more extensive succours, with the aid of which it would be so easy to decide the contest.

Feeble as these supplies were, Charles Edward resolved to put off his march into England no longer. Meeting the opposition of his council with the letters of his English adherents, who complained of being thus left a defenceless prey to the Hanoverians, he announced his fixed determination of entering England immediately, even at the risk of doing it alone. " I will raise my banner there," said he, " as I did in Scotland ; the faithful subjects of my father will gather round it, and with them I will either conquer or perish." The council yielded, and orders were issued for the march. By the troops the tidings were received with enthusiasm, for they were wearied with the monotonous inaction of a camp, and longed once more for the excitement of battles and marches. In a general review of all the forces, they were found to amount to little more than seven thousand men ; but Scotland had been won with but half this number, destitute both of horse and artillery, and now they were supported by five hundred cavalry, they had seven cannon and four mortars, and, what was of far more account than all this, were glowing with enthusiasm and flushed by success.

Meanwhile, the interval had been employed by the Eng-

lish government in active preparations for defence. The king had arrived from the continent and rallied his adherents around him. A strong division had been sent forward on the road to Newcastle under Field-marshal Wade ; another, under General Ligonnier, directed its march upon Lancaster, in order to cover the western frontier ; while camps of reserve were formed at Finchley, and other points in the vicinity of the capital. The only road to London lay between the armies of Ligonnier and Wade.

Charles Edward, with the boldness which had characterized all his measures, was for marching directly upon Newcastle, and fighting Wade on his way. But in this he allowed himself to be overruled by his council, who preferred entering England by Carlisle, where the nature of the country would be more favorable to the tactics of the mountaineers. It was on a Thursday, the 31st of October, at six o'clock in the evening, that the gallant young prince left his ancestral halls of Holyrood, which were never more to be trodden by the foot of a Stuart. That night he slept at Pinkie house, and next morning began his march. The more effectually to conceal his course, he had ordered lodgings to be taken all along the route to Berwick ; and, dividing his troops, directed one detachment on Peebles, under the Marquis of Tullibardine, and putting himself at the head of the other, pressed forward towards Kelso, while a few small bodies took an intermediate road by Selkirk and Moss-paul. Redding, in Cumberland, was fixed upon as the general rendezvous.

Here, as on his advance through the Highlands, he marched on foot at the head of his column, lightening the fatigue of the way by many a jest and merry saying, — the surest test, in the soldier's judgment, of his affection for those who were giving so strong a proof of their devotion to him. From Kelso, his route lay directly across the Tweed, and along the banks of the Liddel,\* so often stained with blood in the wild wars of the border. The enthusiasm of the clans was at its height as they touched the English shore. They brandished their claymores, tossed their caps in the air, and uttered that shrill war-cry which seems like an invoca-

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\* The exquisite little Spanish ballad, *Rio Verde*, so beautifully translated by Longfellow in his *Outre Mer*, might, with a few changes of name, be applied to the Liddel.



tion to the powers of havoc and blood. But Lochiel, in drawing his sword, wounded himself in the hand, and the evil omen immediately spread a superstitious dread through the ranks.

Crossing one more watercourse, the little streamlet of Esk, they halted at Redding, where they were soon after joined by the rest of the army. Charles now concentrated his forces, and advanced to lay siege to Carlisle. This city had once been classed among the strong posts of the kingdom, for it was the capital of the county, and exposed by its situation to sudden attacks from the Scottish border. But in the more tranquil times which had succeeded the union of the two crowns, the greater part of its defences had been suffered to fall to decay ; and although the rampart still remained entire, it was in no condition to withstand a serious attack, and the only part which offered any chance of effectual resistance was the castle. The army of Marshal Wade, however, was within supporting distance ; and the governor, relying upon this, resolved to defend himself to the last.

The moment Charles Edward learned that Wade was marching to the relief of Carlisle, he resolved to advance at once and offer him battle. Accordingly, leaving a small detachment before the town, he pressed forward with all his forces to Brampton, on the road to Newcastle. There he learned that the English general was still so far off, that, by a vigorous attack, he might hope to get possession of Carlisle before the relieving army could come up. The detachment he had left not being strong enough for this, a new one was despatched, under the Duke of Perth, to urge on the siege, while the main body remained at Brampton to watch the movements of the enemy. The trench was immediately opened, the Duke of Perth and Marquis of Tullibardine working, as they had fought, at the head of their men ; the batteries were planted within eighty-five yards of the parapet, in spite of the fire of the garrison, which was heavy and well sustained, and fascines and ladders prepared for an assault. The governor now began to despair of making good his defence, and on receiving a second summons, hung out a white flag and offered to capitulate. Charles Edward came in person to receive the keys of the city, and Wade, on learning its surrender, retraced his steps towards Newcastle.

Two plans of action now presented themselves to the

invaders ; either to attack the enemy at Newcastle, or to march directly upon London. The former, could they have counted upon meeting Wade in the field, would have been the wiser course ; for in case of defeat, the frontier of Scotland was close at hand to retire upon, and a victory in England could hardly have failed to produce an immediate declaration of the Jacobites. But if, in adherence to the cautious policy which he had hitherto pursued, the English general should shut himself up in Newcastle, and protract his defence till the Duke of Cumberland, who had succeeded to Ligonier, could come to his relief, the prince would find himself hemmed in between two armies, either of which was singly his superior in number, in equipments, and in discipline. It was resolved, therefore, to march upon London, where there were strong reasons for believing that his partisans were sufficiently numerous to secure him a hearty reception. A portion of the Highlanders had deserted, but their places would soon be supplied by the English Jacobites, who would join him on his route, and his rear would be covered by the army of reserve, which had received orders to enter England without delay.

It was a bold game to play in the face of so experienced a general as the Duke of Cumberland. All along the road the bridges had been broken down, and all the usual means employed for throwing obstacles in his way. And in his own army there were many who, condemning the measure as needlessly hazardous, refused to give it that hearty coöperation which alone could insure its success. But here, as throughout the whole of his enterprise, Charles Edward felt that the boldest measures were the wisest.

A small garrison was placed in Carlisle, and on the 21st of November the army was again put in motion, with the cavalry in advance. In Lancashire they were everywhere received with illuminations and ringing of bells ; for here the Jacobites were far the greater number. Many a melancholy thought, and some sad forebodings, perhaps, must have been awakened at the sight of Preston, where, but thirty years before, some of the noblest chiefs of the Highlands had, by the treachery of one of their companions, fallen victims to their devotion to the exiled family. The event was still fresh in the minds of all, and the more so from having been recorded in some of those touching little ballads which perform

so beautifully one of the highest offices of poetry, by preserving the memory of noble actions in the simple language of the heart. At Manchester, the prince divided his army into two columns, in order to advance more rapidly. His ranks were gradually filling up. Manchester and Preston had furnished six hundred recruits. A still more touching instance of devotion awaited him at Stockport. It was from an old lady by the name of Skyring that it came. When an infant in her mother's arms, she had been carried to see the landing of Charles the Second, and from that day loyalty became her worship. During the long exile of the Stuarts, she had every year set apart a portion of her income as a tribute to her rightful sovereign, carefully concealing from whom it came, lest her name should awaken unpleasant recollections of the ingratitude with which the services and sacrifices of her father had been repaid. And now that the last of this cherished race was come to claim his rights, old and infirm as she was, she sold her jewels and her plate, in order to raise a small sum for his aid, and brought it to him in a purse, and laid it at his feet; "And now," said she, "let me die, for mine eyes have beheld him."

At Macclesfield the two columns met again. The advanced posts of the Duke of Cumberland were at Newcastle under Lyne, in Staffordshire, near enough to cut them off from the road to London. To prevent this, and deceive the enemy, a party of thirty horse was sent forward on the Newcastle road, as if the whole army were marching in that direction. Cumberland fell into the snare, and prepared himself for battle. Meanwhile, the prince was pressing forward in two columns, by Congleton and Gasworth, to Derby, which he entered in triumph on the 4th of December. The road was now open, and London but forty leagues distant.

Charles Edward had hardly entered his quarters, when a courier from Scotland brought him the welcome intelligence of the arrival of Lord Drummond at Montrose, with his own regiment, the royal Scotch, two squadrons of cavalry, and the pickets of the Irish brigade of Count Lally, whose tragic death,\* after years of brilliant service, has left so deep

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\* The filial piety of Lally Tollendal was a noble example for the Prince of Moskowa. But the son of Marshal Ney still retains his seat in the

a stain upon the name of Louis the Fifteenth. There came, at the same time, letters from his adherents in Wales, full of hope and promise ; and from Newcastle, though garrisoned by the enemy ; and some, too, from London, which, though less decided, still gave a flattering picture of his prospects. He instantly summoned his council, and laid his despatches before them, trusting that they, too, would catch new vigor from the cheering tidings.

Such, however, was far from being their feeling. They had looked around them, and found themselves alone, in the heart of a country which, if not hostile, was at least indifferent, and which the slightest reverse might raise up against them. They had been weighing all the chances of victory and all the hazards of defeat, and counting one by one the obstacles in their way, and which seemed to be increasing at every step, till their hearts sank within them ; and of all their former confidence, the only hope that remained was of safety and retreat.

When the prince laid his despatches before them, they listened in silence, and with the constrained air of men who have some unwelcome thing to say, which they know not how to begin with. At last Lord George Murray rose, and, in a set speech, drew a dark picture of their position ; the state of the country, the wavering and unsatisfactory conduct of the English Jacobites, the difficulties that beset them on every side, and which seemed to increase the farther they advanced, the rashness of persevering in an enterprise from which they had so much to fear and so little to hope, and concluded by insisting upon the necessity of an immediate retreat. All seemed to mark their approbation by their looks and gestures. It was evident that the whole scene had been concerted. The Duke of Perth alone stood aloof, leaning his head upon the mantelpiece, and with a dejected countenance, which seemed to say that this was one of those occasions in which the prince's will should be the law of his adherents.

Charles Edward was taken wholly by surprise, for never had his hopes been higher, and never had he been less appre-

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Chamber of Peers, while the ashes of his father lie undistinguished in their humble sepulchre, without any other record than the simple offerings with which individual gratitude piously labors to atone for the wanton violation of public justice.

hensive of opposition. The ardor of his troops, who, boasting that they had penetrated farther into England than their fathers had ever done, were eager to be led to battle ; the promises of his adherents, who, from all sides, gave him the strongest attestations of their zeal for his cause ; the landing of one part of his reinforcements, with the assurance that the first fair wind would bring the remainder, under the guidance of his brother and the Duke of Richelieu ; — these had inspired him with such confidence, that he had almost fancied himself at the gates of Whitehall, when he was thus suddenly summoned to retrace his steps towards Scotland. It was in vain that he urged every argument, answered every objection, — that he addressed himself to the personal feelings, the pride, the love of glory, the professions of loyalty of the chiefs, and with tears of indignation and rage declared that he had rather be buried twenty feet under ground than give his consent to a measure so fatal. The resolve of the council had been taken, and he was compelled to yield.

The retreat began before break of day, and for a while the troops marched cheerfully on, in the confidence that three days more would bring them to London. But as day began to dawn, and they began to recognize by the way-side the same houses and fields which they had passed by but two days before, — “ What does this mean ? ” said one to another. “ Is this the victory that has been promised us ? Or have we been beaten, that we are condemned to retreat ? ” And the feeling, gathering strength as it spread from rank to rank, at length broke out in one unanimous cry of indignation, which the chiefs, with all the weight of their hereditary authority, could scarcely suppress. The prince came in the rear, silent, dejected, unheeding what was said or done around him. The hour of hope was past, and the fate of the Stuarts was sealed for ever.

Two days passed before the Duke of Cumberland became fully aware of the enemy's intentions ; and then, mounting a part of his foot behind the cavalry, and despatching orders to Marshal Wade to cut off the road to Scotland, he pressed forward in pursuit. But with the double advantage of a two days' start and the habitual rapidity of their movements, the Highlanders were already too far in advance to be overtaken. Wade continued to move with his usual hesitation, and when

the Duke of Cumberland joined him, the main body of the retreating army was already well on its way towards Carlisle. The rear-guard, under Lord Murray, which had remained a little behind in order to repair some of the baggage-wagons, was the only portion which came in contact with the English, whom they defeated in the brilliant combat of Clifton inclosures ; where Murray manœuvred with so much skill as to give his little army the appearance of double its number, and the Duke of Cumberland, but for a pistol's missing fire, would have been killed on the field.

On the 31st of December, the anniversary of the prince's birthday, the army reëntered Scotland. During the last few days it had been raining without intermission, and the worn tartans, the bare feet, and long beards of the men, showed what hard service they had been performing. This evil, however, was easily repaired by a contribution of the city of Glasgow, which, having all along been distinguished by its hostility, could with more justice be singled out as a fit subject for punishment.

But not so with the injurious impressions produced by the retreat, which, as Charles Edward had clearly foretold, was everywhere interpreted as a confession of inferiority. The Hanoverian magistrates had resumed their functions ; the English troops were returning into the kingdom ; the partisans of the existing government were rising to its support ; and several, who had hitherto kept aloof in order to judge by the result, now came forward and declared themselves against the restoration. Edinburgh had opened its gates to General Hawley, and all the Lowlands seemed upon the point of being reconquered by the house of Hanover with as much ease and rapidity as they had been won by their opponents. In England, Carlisle, the only point which an effort had been made to retain, had been compelled to surrender after a few days' siege, and its garrison of three hundred men were the first upon that dark roll of victims which marked the bloody triumph of Cumberland.

Bitterly as he had been disappointed, Charles Edward resolved to struggle to the last, and one more gleam of hope came to cheer him in his sorrow. Still, his confidence in his adherents had been shaken, and we shall no more find in him that buoyancy of spirit, that frankness of heart, that freshness and overflowing of feeling, which enthusiasm in-

spires, until bitter experience comes to check its expansion by the proofs it brings, in far too great abundance, of the selfishness of human motives and the insincerity of man's professions. The army of reserve, which had not yet moved from Perth, was ordered to hasten forward in order to effect its junction with the main body, and with his united forces, nine thousand men in all, he proceeded to lay siege to Stirling. The town surrendered in two days, and the citadel, built, like that of Edinburgh, upon a precipitous rock, was immediately invested.

The loss of this important post might have produced another revulsion in public feeling, still wavering between the two parties. To prevent so fatal an occurrence, the English general resolved to advance and offer battle. Like Sir John Cope, he was too fully convinced of the superiority of his disciplined battalions to doubt for a moment the result ; and accordingly, without waiting for the reinforcements which were hourly expected, he put himself at the head of the eight thousand men he had at hand, and marched rapidly forward towards Stirling. But before he set out upon his march, he caused five gibbets to be erected in one of the principal squares of Edinburgh for the more speedy punishment of those of the rebels who should be unhappy enough to escape death in the field.

Charles Edward's spirits revived at the prospect of a battle. He had with him nine thousand men, a larger army than he had ever commanded before, and among them were several regiments on whose discipline and experience he could fully rely. A thousand men were left to continue the siege, and with the rest he advanced to meet the enemy. The two armies were thus nearly equal in number, the English having received on the eve of the battle a reinforcement of a thousand volunteers. If, as a whole, they were better armed, and trained by a more vigorous discipline, their adversaries had the advantage of a higher enthusiasm and the prestige of two victories. Hawley encamped in the plain of Falkirk, a name of bitter remembrance to the Scotch, for it was here that the first Edward had triumphed by treachery over the heroic valor of Wallace, and tradition still pointed out the withered trunk of the oak amid whose branches the unfortunate chieftain had sought shelter in his flight. But Bannockburn, too, was near, and at their head was the prince in

whose gallant bearing and noble countenance they had traced, with the fondest hopes, the air and the features of a Bruce.

The ground between Stirling and Falkirk was formerly covered by Torwood forest, some vestiges of which remain to the present day. Throughout its whole extent, it is an almost unbroken level, except about a mile to the southwest of Falkirk, where it rises into an irregular platform, which commands the plain, and affords an extensive view of the surrounding country. From this eminence the little stream of Carron descends, winding its course through the fields to the scene of Bruce's victory. On its banks you now find a forge, and, in place of the wild heather which once covered the plateau, a thick-grown plantation of trees ; but in the names of Battle-field and Red-burn,\* tradition still preserves the memory of the day when fortune smiled for the last time on the arms of the Stuarts.

So far was General Hawley from dreaming of being attacked, that he had pitched his camp in the plain, without taking any measures to secure the possession of the eminence, and was enjoying a late breakfast at Callander castle, to which he had been invited, with a species of treacherous hospitality, by the Countess of Kilmarnock, when news was brought him that Charles Edward had already crossed the Carron. Positive as the report was, he refused to credit it, and it was only upon the arrival of a third messenger, that he could tear himself from the pleasures of the table. When he reached his camp, the troops were already under arms, and a few bodies of the enemy were beginning to make their appearance on the plateau. The plain was covered with men, women, and children, flying, with whatever they could carry with them, from a spot which was so soon to become the scene of mortal strife. Some few, bolder than the rest, had climbed the steeple of the village-church in order to see the fight. And to increase the wildness of the scene, a violent storm had arisen, with wind and rain, fit precursors of the tempest which was so soon to rage beneath. The wind blew from the southwest, driving the rain full in the faces of the English, and the clouds, gathering fold upon fold, gave a double gloom to the evening shadows which were already approaching.

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\* Those who love to compare traditions will remember the *Sanguineto* of Thrasymene. Will the name of Red-burn last as long ?



Hawley drew up his men in two lines, with the Glasgow volunteers and the clan of Campbell for a reserve. Among the officers in the first line was one whose name was one day to become glorious in the battle-fields of the New World, the gallant Wolfe. The British general had easily divined the enemy's intention in taking possession of the plateau, and sent forward a regiment of cavalry in order to seize upon it before they could make good their hold. But it was too late. The advantage of position was already lost, and it now remained to be seen what discipline and experience could do towards atoning for the neglect.

The prince's army came out upon the plateau in two columns, which, displaying to the right and left, were quickly formed in line of battle. On this day the MacGregors shared with the MacDowals the post of honor on the right. Lord George Murray commanded on the right, and Lord Drūmmond on the left. In the second line were the regiments which had recently arrived from France. "Lally," said Charles Edward, as he rode along the line, "those English know you; they fought at Fontenoy." "True, my prince," replied the gallant veteran; "but to renew our acquaintance, my officers and I would like to be a little nearer to the first fire."

Hawley had often boasted that a single troop of horse would be enough to scatter the mountaineers; but as the day was far advanced and the tempest increasing, he ordered his whole cavalry to charge together, and the infantry to advance to their support. "Hold your fire till they come within fair gun-shot," was Murray's order to his line, and it was strictly obeyed. "'T is certain death that we are going to!" murmured the horsemen, on hearing the order to charge; but they spurred forward their horses and rushed to the attack. The Highlanders let them come near enough to make their aim sure, and then, pouring in one tremendous volley, the whole line was, in an instant, enveloped in a dense veil of smoke. As the wind swept it away, the ground was seen covered with horses and horsemen, wounded and dead overthrown together, while the survivors were flying broken and disordered at the top of their speed. Only one battalion dared to charge. It was led by a young officer by the name of Whitney, who, as he drew nigh to the enemy, recognized in their ranks an old friend of former

days, John Roy Stewart. "We shall be with you in an instant," cried Whitney to his friend, as his troop came thundering on. "You will be right welcome," was the reply ; and at the same instant a bullet from the Scottish ranks struck the gallant officer from his horse. His men rushed on to avenge his fall, and in the shock of the encounter overturned the first rank and trampled down several officers and men. But the second rank, slipping under the horses' bellies, stabbed them with their dirks, and then grappled the riders as they fell. The defeat of the cavalry was complete.

The infantry now advanced to the charge, and Murray again called to his men to let the enemy come close up before they fired. But the blood of the mountaineers was now warmed by the contest, and the MacDowals, springing forward and loading their pieces as they ran, threw in a close fire, which broke the English ranks almost before they had time to return it. A few only ventured to make a stand in a ravine on the right, where a small body of Cobham's dragoons rallied behind them, and sustained the combat a few moments longer. The MacDowals hesitated, and began to fall back for fear of ambuscade. Charles Edward, seeing their hesitation, advanced to their support at the head of his reserve, and in a moment the whole English army was driven from the field. "Where are they?" said the officers to one another, as they looked around them for the enemy. "It is a ruse," cried Lord Drummond, "in order to draw us into an ambuscade ; those are the royal Scots, who fought so well at Fontenoy." And this it was that saved the English army from total extermination. Hawley had fled with the cavalry ; but General Huske, profiting by the mistake of the Scotch, drew off the remnants of his right wing and dragoons, which had held firm to the last, and retreated in good order towards Edinburgh, leaving six hundred dead on the field, and six hundred wounded and prisoners in the hands of the enemy. The prince's loss was forty killed and eighty wounded.

Had Charles Edward now marched directly upon Edinburgh, it can hardly be doubted that he might have easily gained possession of the city, and effaced by the *éclat* of this double triumph the unfavorable impressions which had been produced by his retreat from Derby. The hope, too, of another battle and the excitement of immediate action

would have retained his Highlanders at their post, and prevented that general desertion with which his victory threatened him. But dissensions had begun to creep in among his officers, and the demoralizing effects of retreat upon an army so loosely organized were apparent in all their movements. Instead of following up their success, and pressing upon the enemy before he could recover from his panic, the time was lost in idle recriminations, and the strength of the army vainly wasted in the siege of the castle of Stirling, which, firm on its rocky base, set all their efforts at defiance.

There was another cause, too, for this delay ; and in order to trace it to its source, we must go back to Italy, and to the year 1719. In that year had been completed the negotiations for the marriage of the Chevalier of St. George with the Princess Mary Casimir Clementine Sobieski, granddaughter of the heroic king of Poland, and believed to be one of the richest heiresses of Europe. Her father, having failed of an election to the throne, was living in Austria under the protection of Charles the Sixth, and it seemed as though there was something in the destiny of the two betrothed which gave a peculiar propriety to their union. But the moment that the tidings of an event so important to the tranquillity of his own family reached the ears of George of England, he addressed a strong remonstrance to the imperial court, complaining of this infraction of the friendship that subsisted between the two nations, and calling upon the emperor to interpose his authority in order to prevent its accomplishment. Charles readily complied with his demand, and forbade the marriage ; and shortly after, the young princess, who had escaped with her mother and was on her way to Italy, was arrested at Innspruck, and shut up in a convent. The evil star of the Stuarts seemed to extend its fatal influence to all those who ventured to share in their fortunes.

Among the exiles of the insurrection of 1715 was John Walkenshaw, Baron of Baronsfield, one of the prisoners of Sheriffsmoor, but who had succeeded in making his escape in time to avoid the fate by which so many of his companions had atoned for their fidelity to the exiled monarch. From that time he had continued to live on the continent, still attached to the cause for which he had hazarded life and fortune, and ever ready to give new proofs of his devotion.

For him, as for all those of his party, the question of James's marriage was one of the deepest interest, and the news of George's interference and Clementine's arrest excited the highest indignation. At first, he endeavoured to intercede with the emperor in her favor; but failing in this, resolved to effect her liberation by stratagem. Another exile, by the name of Wogan, agreed to share the hazards of the attempt; and to complete the party, they took with them a Captain Toole and Major Wisset and his wife. An Austrian passport was obtained for the Count de Cernes and his family, pilgrims to the holy house of Loreto, and thus provided they set out upon their perilous enterprise. Lady Walkenshaw was to pass for the countess, and Wogan for her brother-in-law; while a quickwitted maid, whose love for a romantic adventure was heightened by the promise of a liberal reward, consented to play the part of the countess's sister, until she could change places with the princess in her convent-prison. So well arranged was the whole plot, that the party reached Innspruck and succeeded in opening a communication with the prisoner without exciting the slightest suspicion. Their offers of assistance were gladly accepted; the maid changed dresses with the princess, and, taking her place in the convent, the rest of the party pushed on for the Venetian frontier. Thence they proceeded to Bologna, where the marriage was performed by proxy. The only reward that Walkenshaw would accept at the hands of the princess was the promise, that, if he ever became a father, she would stand godmother to his child. The promise was faithfully performed, and the daughter that was born to him some time afterwards received at the font the name of Clementine.

When Charles Edward, on laying siege to Stirling, took up his quarters at the castle of Bannockburn, the Jacobite leaders of the neighbourhood hastened to present to him their families. Among the young damsels who graced this little court was one of remarkable beauty, whose aspect and manners, accustomed as he was to this sort of homage, struck him with peculiar force. But how much deeper was the impression, when he heard the name of Clementine, and learned that she was the daughter of that noble-hearted chief to whom his mother had been indebted for her freedom. The effect upon the mind of the young Clementine was equally strong; this was the prince of whom, from her

earliest childhood, she had heard so often ; his youth, the charms of his manners, the graces of his person, the romantic enterprise in which he was engaged, all conspired to awaken a feeling in her young heart, which she at first may have mistaken for loyalty, though she soon discovered that it was love. The camp was so near, and a long siege leaves so many hours unemployed, that Charles Edward, without any apparent neglect of his duty, could easily find time for long and earnest interviews. He had the story of his own romantic adventures to tell, and could draw for her bright pictures of the sunny South ; she, the youthful remembrances with which his mother's name was so closely interwoven, and that loveliest of all pictures, woman's heart, unconsciously yielding, with all the fervor and self-devotion of her sex, to the pure and gentle inspirations of a first and ardent love. Sincere and honorable in his feelings, Charles Edward promised himself that he would soon be able to place her by his side upon the throne of Scotland ; for she was of an ancient family, allied to the first houses of the kingdom, whose attachment would become all the stronger for so marked a distinction. But she had read the future with woman's truer instinct, and thought rather of the day when her voice and her love would be the sole charm and solace of his exile. And she was true to her word, and, when every hope had failed him, and the nearest and dearest had abandoned him to his fate, she sought him out in his solitude, and in the darkest hour of his adversity united her destiny with his.

The drama was fast drawing to a close. The Duke of Cumberland, who, after the fall of Carlisle, had returned to London, no sooner received the news of the battle of Falkirk, than he resolved no longer to intrust the command of the army to subordinate hands, but, putting himself at its head, to complete the reconquest of Scotland by the most vigorous measures. He accordingly hastened to Edinburgh, drew around him all those who had been distinguished for their adhesion to his family, issued the severest instructions for the treatment of the rebels, and, proclaiming his intention of putting a speedy termination to the war, marched out with ten thousand men, in two columns, to meet the enemy. Charles Edward would gladly have risked the chances of another battle ; but his army was too much reduced by the customary desertion of the Highlanders to justify so hazard-

ous a venture ; and raising the siege of the castle, which was upon the eve of surrendering, he crossed the Forth and retreated towards the Highlands. Here, in order to facilitate his march and distract the enemy's attention, he divided his army into two columns, one of which, under his own guidance, pursued the direct route through the mountains, while the other, led by Lord George Murray, took the road by the seacoast. Inverness was fixed upon for the general rendezvous.

Cumberland continued his pursuit as far as Perth. It was the depth of winter, and while the severity of the weather and the natural obstacles of a wild and mountainous country arrested his troops at every step, and compelled him to proceed with the utmost precaution, his light-footed enemy was moving rapidly before him, and doubling every day, without any perceptible effort, the distance that lay between them. These considerations, and the news which he had received of the landing of a reinforcement of six thousand men under his brother-in-law, Prince Frederic of Hesse, induced him to retrace his steps to Edinburgh, where he would be better able, after this short experience of the nature of the opposition he was to encounter, to devise his measures for the effectual subjugation of the kingdom.

Charles Edward easily gained possession of Inverness, though defended by two thousand men, and spread his forces over an extensive tract of country. Nothing else could be done till the return of spring, and then, if France should, in the interval, fulfil her oft-repeated promises of support, there was every reason to hope that he might open the campaign with the defeat of Cumberland, and renew, under better auspices, his attempt upon England. These well founded hopes were defeated by the shameful negligence and dilatoriness of the court of Versailles. His remonstrances were disregarded, his agents listened to with incredulity. It was in vain that he detailed all his wants, and reported all his successes. The king and his ministers, wavering and undecided in their councils, subjected to the caprice and passions of a vain and voluptuous mistress, frittered away in deliberation the time which should have been devoted to action, and persisted, with a half timid, half treacherous policy, in deferring to the morrow what could only be accomplished to-day.

Meanwhile winter wore away and spring came on, and the

Duke of Cumberland hastened to take the field. Charles Edward made every effort to collect his army ; but six thousand men were all that he could bring together, and part of these were soon dispersed again by the scarcity of provisions. Cumberland advanced towards Inverness, and encamped within a few miles of his antagonist. Charles hoped to make up for his inferiority by a night attack, in which his men would have the advantage of their familiarity with the ground. Two thousand men were collected for the enterprise, and midnight, when the English camp would be buried in that deep slumber which follows an evening of debauch, was fixed upon for the onset. But the night was so dark that even the Highlanders were delayed in their march, and at two in the morning they were still three miles from the enemy. Charles Edward was at hand with a strong reinforcement, which he had collected in order to support the main body. Several of the chiefs still insisted upon proceeding ; but Murray, whose prudence as a tactician led him more than once to mistake the character of the troops he commanded, and the real nature of his position, ordered a retreat. Tired, disappointed, and hungry, the men retraced their steps.

At break of day, Cumberland, little dreaming of the danger he had escaped, was under arms and advanced to offer battle. And now, for the first time, the prince allowed his impatience to overcome him. Six thousand men were all that he could muster, and his enemy counted ten thousand ; but great as the disparity was, he resolved to risk an engagement. His council opposed his resolution with arguments and entreaties ; they painted the state of the two armies, the one exhausted by privations and hunger, the other fresh and vigorous from a well stored camp. They urged the necessity of giving time for the remainder of the clans to come in ; that every day would bring him a new accession of strength, and diminish that of his antagonist ; that, by confining himself to a war of skirmishes and surprises, he could draw his enemy into the mountains, entangle him in their passes, harass him by cutting off his supplies, weaken him by surprising his detachments, and, having once got the advantage of number, of position, and of feeling upon his side, attack him at his own choice, and with the certainty of success. The French minister threw himself at Charles's feet, and beg-

ged him to wait but a few days longer. But argument and entreaty were vain. The evil star of the Stuarts had resumed its sway, and the unfortunate prince rushed headlong upon his fate. It is said, too, that some of his officers had been bought over by the enemy, and treacherously labored to confirm him in his fatal resolution.

The ill-fated army was encamped on the plains of Culloden. The weather was piercing cold ; they had no beds but the heather, which served them also as fuel for their fires. Part were still dispersed among the mountains in search of provisions, and others were engaged in parcelling out a few cattle that had been brought in for food, when the columns of the enemy appeared upon the opposite border of the plain. Charles Edward had just taken his seat at table ; but instead of continuing his repast, though he had been for hours without food, he sprang instantly to his horse, and gave orders to range the troops for battle. The drum beat to arms, the bagpipes breathed forth, for the last time, the shrill gathering-call of the clans ; alarm-guns were fired to call in the stragglers. Soon they came pouring in, for it was a welcome sound, and, forgetful of their hunger and careless of their inferiority, they ranged themselves joyously in their ranks, each under the chief and the banner he had so often followed to victory. One good omen came to cheer them at the last moment ; the Frazers and MacDonalds, who were supposed to be still many miles distant, came up in time to take their posts before the battle began. But the MacPhersons and the MacGregors, and half of the Glen-garys, and nearly the whole clan of the MacKenzies, were still absent, and six thousand men were all that could be brought together for this last and decisive struggle.

The army was drawn up in two lines, the Highlanders in the first, the Lowlanders and foreign regiments in the second. Four pieces of cannon were placed at each extremity of the first line, and four in the centre. On the right of the first line was a squadron of the horse-guards ; and on the left of the second, Fitz-James's light-horse. The remainder of the cavalry was stationed with the reserve under Lord Kilmar-nock. The prince took his stand on the right of the second line, on an eminence which commanded the field.

The Duke of Cumberland, profiting by the disasters of Hawley and Cope, had drawn up his men in three parallel



divisions, with his cannon on one flank, and his cavalry on the other. Each division being composed of four regiments, each regiment came in this manner to serve as a support for the other, so that, if the impetuous onset of the Highlanders should break through one, there would still be three more to overcome before they could complete their victory. And in order to deprive them of the defence of their targets, the men were ordered to present their bayonets obliquely, so as to aim their blow, not at the enemy immediately before them, but at the one at his side. As a record of Preston and Falkirk, free permission was granted, by the order of the day, to every one that was willing to confess himself a coward, to withdraw before the battle began ; and certain death was denounced as the punishment of those who dared to desert their posts after the signal had been given. “Flanders ! Flanders !” was the reply, for there, at least, these same men had won the name of veterans.

The plain of Culloden is a vast heath, extending from east to west, with nearly a level surface between the mountains and the sea. There was nothing in the nature of the ground to favor the tactics of the mountaineers, no strong position in which to make a stand, no elevation from which to rush down upon their enemy. On their right, but not near enough to rest upon, were the river Nairn and the mountains ; on their left, the sea and the parks of Culloden-house. The only elevation was on the opposite side of the plain, and that was in the hands of the enemy. The advantage of position, as well as of number, was against them.

It was one in the afternoon when the two armies drew nigh. The morning had been clear, but now the sky was suddenly overcast, and thick volumes of murky clouds began to darken the air. A violent wind arose from the north-east, accompanied with snow and rain, which it dashed in the faces of the Scotch, as it had done in those of their enemies on the plain of Falkirk. An indefinite dread, a superstitious horror, seized the minds of the Highlanders, for it was on their own heath and among their native mountains that the elements had declared against them.

The battle began by a cannonade, which on the part of the Highlanders did but little execution, for their artillerists had miscalculated the distance, and nearly all their shot fell short. But when the enemy came to fire in turn, their balls fell like

hailstones on the Highland line, ploughing deep furrows wherever they struck the plain, and carrying death and confusion through the ranks. It was a fearful trial for those undisciplined mountaineers, accustomed as they always had been to come at once to close quarters, and decide every thing by the impetuosity of their onset. At length the order was given to advance, and again their war-cry rang loud and shrill, and each man, drawing his cap tight over his brow, firmly grasping his claymore in his right hand, and throwing out his dirk and target with his left, sprang forward with tiger fury to grapple with his foe. The English line stood firm to receive them, and, presenting their bayonets obliquely, met the shock without wavering. The targets glanced harmlessly along the polished barrels of the muskets, but the point of the bayonet went true to its mark, and with every thrust a Highlander fell. Another struggle, and still another, and the mangled bodies of the dead and the dying, of friend and foe, were heaped up like a bulwark in front of the line. The first rank of the English was crushed, but a terrific cross-fire from the second came to support the bristling wall of bayonets, at whose feet the second rank of the Scotch fell, one upon another, before they could aim a blow in return. A few still pressed onward with the recklessness of despair, but it was only to swell the bloody pile of victims, and Wolfe's regiment, formed *en potence*, now prepared with the reserve and the extreme right to envelope the survivors. The MacDonalds, dissatisfied at not having received their usual post on the right, refused to charge with the rest of the line, and after a short scattering fire retired from the field. Their chief alone rushed forward, with his shield-bearer and his nephew. "The children of my tribe abandon me!" was his melancholy cry, and a few moments afterwards he fell, pierced with wounds.

The rout of the first line was complete, but the second remained entire, and with this Charles Edward still hoped to win the day. His horse had checked the English cavalry, and could the Highlanders have been rallied, and induced to try their terrific charge once more, it might have been thrown back upon the infantry, and opened the way for the advance of the second line. "Courage!" cried the prince, riding in among them to place himself at their head; "we can yet make the day our own." But their discouragement had

struck too deep, and his officers, gathering around him, forced him from the field. A part of the vanquished army fled towards Inverness, and part, crossing the Nairn, dispersed themselves among the mountains.

Resistance had ceased, but still the work of death went on. Cumberland lingered upon the plain to count his victims. "Wolfe, blow out that insolent fellow's brains," said he to the future hero of Quebec, pointing out to him a wounded Highlander, who had raised his head upon his hand, and lay gazing upon his conqueror with a bitter smile. "I am no executioner," replied Wolfe, and the noble rebuke was long treasured up with the unerring tenacity of revenge.

The soldiers, animated by the example and approbation of their leader, gave full play to their thirst of blood. They mangled the wounded; they mutilated the dead; they dipped their hands in the blood, and threw it at one another with shouts and laughter, as children play with water. Those whom they did not see fit to despatch at once they stripped of their clothes, and, reserving them for a longer torture, left them naked upon the field, exposed to all the horrors of a tempest and a night among the mountains. Next day they returned, and renewed their fiendlike sports. A few unhappy wretches, less severely wounded, or stronger than their fellows, had survived the horrors of the night, and were still breathing. They were instantly despatched, and this might almost be called a deed of mercy. But on counting their victims anew, the third day after the battle, it was found that some had either escaped, or been carried away by their friends. A strict search was immediately instituted through all the cottages of the neighbourhood, and wherever a wounded soldier was found, he was mercilessly butchered. There was one small party which had taken refuge in a shed, where the shepherds had kindly sheltered them, and dressed their wounds. The shed was instantly set on fire, and the wounded men and their protectors were consumed in the flames, while a strong body kept guard around it, that none might escape. Nineteen officers, after wandering two days and two nights in a wood, had been admitted into a court-yard of one of the Culloden-house farms. The moment that they were discovered, they were seized, tightly bound with cords that entered their wounds, dragged upon a cart to a neighbouring inclosure, and shot; and the murderers, as if

doubting the effects of their bullets, rushed in upon them as they lay stretched upon the ground, and completed their work of death by beating out their brains with their musket-stocks. The imagination shrinks appalled from such wanton barbarity, and one is almost tempted to deny that deeds like these could have been perpetrated in a civilized country, and under the eyes of a son of the king of England. But the narratives which record them are of unquestionable authenticity, and, revolting as the picture is, we have not hesitated to sketch it, as a record for our countrymen of the ideas which, only thirty years before the outbreak of our own revolution, the king of England and his soldiers attached to the name of rebel.\*

Meanwhile, wearied, wounded, and disheartened, Charles Edward had directed his flight towards Gorthleek, a seat of Lord Lovat, the chief of the Frazers. His horse had been shot under him, and when he presented himself in the hall, with his garments soiled with mire and stained with blood, the vaunted courage of the wily old chief seemed to abandon him at the sight, and, instead of receiving his prince with words of consolation and respect, he broke out into exclamations of despair at the ruin of his house, and the bloody fate which awaited his own gray hairs. After a few hours of repose, the prince resumed his flight, with only seven companions, part of whom he was soon compelled to separate from; for the alarm had been spread, and numerous parties, allured by the price that had been set upon his head, were searching for him in every direction. Soon, the country became so rugged that he could no longer continue his way on horseback. The mountains rose on every side wild and broken, separated only by deep glens, where torrents, swollen and chilled by the rain and snow, were to be forded at every pass. A straggling sheep-path that he found from time to time was his only relief from climbing precipices, and letting himself down the sides of worn and slippery crags. Thus, after four days, he reached the little village

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\* Four hundred English officers had been released by Charles Edward upon parole. When the Duke of Cumberland came to take the command, he sent a circular to them, ordering them to join their regiments under pain of disobedience. All obeyed but four, who alone had the courage to reply to this insulting order, — “that the duke was master of their commissions, but not of their honor.”

of Glenbeisdale, in the canton of Moidart, where, but a few months before, he had landed so full of confidence and hope. Here he received a letter from Lord George Murray, begging him to come and put himself at the head of the relics of his army, a little more than a thousand men, who were assembled at Badenoch, and make one more effort. But he was now convinced that nothing could be done without the succours of France, which, if they had been withheld at a moment when every thing seemed to promise success, would hardly be ventured after so fatal a reverse. His own presence at Versailles seemed to offer the only chance of bringing the hesitating and reluctant court to a decision, while the utmost that he could hope to accomplish by remaining in Scotland would be to keep up for a few weeks longer a destructive partisan warfare, which, even if successful, could lead to no decisive results. This reasoning, so plausible in itself, was supported by the advice of Clanranald and the other chiefs who had joined him ; and although, upon a cooler examination, there appear many grounds for calling its correctness in doubt, yet it can hardly be considered surprising that it should have been adopted as the wisest course, at a moment of such deep depression. Sorrow has its intoxication as well as joy, and few men have received from nature, or won by education, so firm a texture of mind, as to justify the inconsiderate condemnation which is lavished so freely upon the errors into which we are led by giving way to despondency.

The whole country was now on the alarm ; English cruisers hovering on the coast, and guarding the passes of the islands, and strong bands of soldiers scattered in patrols along the shore and through the valleys, following like bloodhounds upon every track, and subjecting every nook and corner to the most rigorous examination. Charles Edward was not suffered to remain long in tranquillity at his little asylum of Airds. His traces had been discovered, and a party was approaching to seize him. His companions fled in different directions, and he took refuge in a wood. As he was wandering here alone, at a loss which way to direct his steps, he met the pilot whom he had sent for to the isle of Skye. It was a cheering omen, and seemed to say that all had not abandoned him in this hour of need. The weather was upon the point of changing, and the heavens were lowering

with the well known signs of an approaching tempest. It seemed like courting destruction to embark at such a moment upon that stormy sea ; but to remain on shore was captivity or death. The tempest burst upon them in all its fury. The rain fell in torrents upon their unprotected heads. The waves tossed their little bark like foam, seeming at times as if they would engulf it in their abysses, or dash it in fragments upon the rock-bound coast, where the breakers broke and roared with the deafening noise of thunder. Night came on, and they had no compass to steer by. In ten hours, they had run a hundred miles, and at length they landed on the little island of Benbecula. It was almost a desert. A few crabs which they caught among the rocks, and a little barley-meal mixed with water, was their only food ; an old cow-house was their shelter. Next day they found the cow, and made a better meal.

The tempest still continued to rage with unabated violence, and it was not till the 29th that they were enabled to embark once more, and direct their course towards Lewis island, where they hoped to find a French cruiser. But they had hardly put off when another tempest came up, which drove them to the islet of Glass. Here they gave themselves out for shipwrecked merchants, O'Sullivan taking the name of St. Clair, and passing the prince for his son. A farmer gave them shelter, and lent his boat to MacLeod, the pilot, to go upon the lookout as far as Stornoway, the port of Lewis island, which they looked to as the end of their wanderings. He soon sent back word to the prince to follow him, but the wind again drove him from his course, and he was compelled to land at Loch Seaforth, and continue his journey on foot. The guide missed his way, and it was not till the evening of the second day that he reached Point Ayrnish, a mile from Stornoway. Here he stopped, while one of the party went forward to reconnoitre. MacLeod soon joined him, not with the cheering tidings that the vessel he had hoped to find was ready to receive him, but to tell him that the population, warned of his approach, were upon the point of rising to repel him or make him prisoner, unless he consented to retrace his steps without delay. Burke was for retreating at once. "My good friend," said Charles Edward, "if you are afraid, you will spoil our supper. If it is me that you are alarmed for, be under no uneasiness, for

nobody will ever take me alive ; and woe to the first man that comes near me ! But there is a time for every thing, and the most important question at this moment is how to get supper."

They remained there all that night and started again at day-break. And now a new danger presented itself ; for a few hours after they had left the shore, four cruisers hove in sight, and they were compelled to take shelter in the little island of Issurt, where they passed four days in a hut without a roof. At length they ventured out again, creeping under the shore of that long chain of islands which are comprised under the general name of Long Island, being supposed to have been originally all united in one. The cruisers continued to hang upon their track, and pursue them from point to point, so that it was only by slipping in between the rocks and islands, where they were hidden from view, that they succeeded in escaping. In this manner they came back again to Benbecula, closely pursued by an English cruiser, which was happily driven off by a sudden squall, just as they came to shore. Here, while they lived on shell-fish, secreting themselves during the day in a little hut, the entrance of which was so low that they were obliged to crawl into it on hands and knees, one of the party was sent to invite the old chief of Clanranald, who lived on Long Island, to an interview, and another with letters to Lochiel and Murray of Broughton, the prince's secretary. Clanranald came in the night, attended by his children's tutor, MacDonald, or, as he was commonly called, MacEachen, who from that time attached himself to the prince's person. The old chief was deeply moved to find the son of his sovereign in this miserable little hovel, with his clothes falling in shreds from about him, and his whole frame extenuated by hunger and fatigue. It would have been dangerous for both to have carried him to his own dwelling ; but MacEachen was ordered to conduct him to a little country-house at Corodale, a valley in the centre of South Uist. After the huts and caverns in which he had been living, this seemed to Charles like a palace. Here he remained several weeks. Nearly all the inhabitants of the island were partisans of his family, and none would be likely to betray him, even if they had known that he was among them. Game was plenty, and he amused himself with fishing and shooting, and was sometimes not a little surprised

to find himself as happy at a good shot as he had ever been after a victory. From time to time Lady MacDonald sent him the newspapers, bringing him back again to the world, which he had lost sight of during his flight.

One evening, as his faithful companion, Burke, was preparing for supper part of a deer, the fruit of that day's hunt, a young beggar, allured by the savory odor, came and seated himself at Charles Edward's side to claim his share in the feast. Burke, more attentive than his master to the distinctions of etiquette, was upon the point of driving him away. "Remember, my friend," said the prince, "that the Scripture bids us feed the hungry and clothe the naked. Let this man eat, and after he has done, you will give him a coat to cover himself with."

Never was charity worse bestowed, for the wretch had no sooner swallowed his meal, and drawn his new garment around him, than he hastened to give information to the agents of government against the suspicious stranger, who was thus secreted in the heart of the island. Charles Edward was compelled to abandon his quiet asylum, and trust himself once more to the chances of the winds and the waves. For a while he wandered about from island to island, shifting his abode as the danger drew nigh, and returning again when it was passed. At last he came back once more to Benbecula. He had been obliged to separate from O'Sullivan, Burke, and MacLeod; O'Niel and MacEachen were the only ones that he had kept with him, and so closely was the net now drawn around him, that it seemed as if nothing short of a miracle could save him from the hands of his pursuers.

In this extremity, a young girl, of about his own age, whose heart had been touched by the melancholy tale of his perils and his sufferings, undertook to become his guide. Her name was Flora MacDonald. She was daughter of a petty laird of South Uist, who had been dead several years, and her mother was now married to another MacDonald, of the isle of Skye. Her education had been that of a simple country-girl of good family, but her beauty and her strong natural sense, accompanied by deep feeling and heart-sprung enthusiasm, had made her a favorite of the Clanranalds, and other noble families of the neighbourhood, in which she was a frequent and welcome visiter.

When Flora took this adventurous resolution, she had



never seen the prince, and knew him only by the songs which recorded his early triumphs, and the tales which were whispered from mouth to mouth of his subsequent disasters and dangers. O'Niel and MacEachen accompanied her to the first interview, for they alone knew the secret of his hiding-place. She found him in a little cavern formed by a crevice in the rocks, his garments soiled, his cheeks pale, his eyes hollow and sunken, his hands covered with a cutaneous disorder which he had contracted in shifting about from hovel to hovel and cavern to cavern, and his whole aspect so careworn and haggard that she burst into tears at the sight. But his cheerfulness soon dried her tears, and the gayety with which he spoke of his own appearance and situation made her laugh in despite of her melancholy. After staying as long as she dared, she gave him a basket of provisions and a change of linen, which she had brought for his use, and took her leave, with the promise of a speedy return. If before this she had felt disposed to make an effort in his favor, she was now resolved to save him at every hazard. Her mother was at the isle of Skye, which would afford a sufficient pretext for a journey thither; and as she was frequently in the habit of making these little excursions, sometimes all alone, and sometimes with a single attendant, there was every reason to hope that this also might pass off without attracting attention. The chief difficulty lay in framing a suitable disguise for the prince; for at this moment every person was closely watched, and there was no such thing as travelling in security, without a passport that covered the whole party. The habits of the country suggested an expedient. Mrs. MacDonald was a thrifty housewife, and would be glad to have an able-bodied maid to assist her in her spinning. This would be a sufficient reason for introducing another name upon the passport, and, the first step made sure, fortune would decide the rest. The prince was informed of the character that he was to assume, and Lady Clanranald and Lady MacDonald assisted Flora in preparing his disguise.

While these preparations were going on, she continued from time to time to visit the prince in his cavern, sometimes with Lady Clanranald, and sometimes with MacEachen, but always at intervals and with the utmost precaution, in order to avoid exciting suspicion by being seen to go too often in the same direction. This was the sole relief that

Charles Edward enjoyed from the monotony and anxiety of his situation ; and when, as sometimes happened, three or four days passed away without a visit from Flora, it was with difficulty that he could curb his impatience. And well may his impatience be excused, for it would be hard to conceive of a situation more trying. The spot in which he had taken shelter was rather a crevice in the rocks than a cavern. With every shower, — and in that climate there are many, — the water penetrated through the fissures, dropping upon his head, and collecting in the folds of the tartan with which he vainly endeavoured to protect himself. All that his companion, a hardy islander, could do to assist him was to shake out the water when the folds were filled. To complete his misery, the flies gathered around him in swarms, biting him on the hands and in the face with a sharpness that sometimes, with all his self-control, wrung from him a shriek of agony. His food was brought to him by a little milk-girl, who also stood on the watch to keep him informed of the movements of the soldiery. At length, after many a day of anxious expectation, and many a hair-breadth escape, the preparations were all completed ; and on the evening of the 28th of June, after one more narrow escape from a party of soldiers that were prowling along the coast, he embarked with Flora and MacEachen in an open boat for the isle of Skye.

They had hardly been aboard an hour, when the wind began to rise, and the sea with it. The oarsmen shook their heads ominously as they gazed at the rising billows, for their frail bark was but ill fitted to stand the shock of a tempest. To distract their attention from the danger, Charles Edward sang them the songs which he had learned around the Highland watch-fires, and rehearsed those wild legends of the olden time, which have such a charm in that land of mist and storm. Calm returned with daylight, and, after wandering for a while at venture, they found themselves near the western point of the isle of Skye. As they were rowing along under the shore, a platoon of soldiers suddenly appeared on the rocks and ordered them to land. They were within gunshot, and before the boatmen could put about, the soldiers fired. Flora would not consent to stoop her head until the prince did so too, and the balls fell around them without doing any harm.

At last, they landed at the north end of the island, and Charles Edward remained with MacEachen, while Flora

went forward to MacDonald castle to consult about their future movements. She found the castle full of officers and soldiers. It was decided that the prince should take refuge in the little island of Raasay. Lady MacDonald sent Kingsbury, her steward, to attend him and conduct him to his own house, where he was to pass the night. Flora rejoined them on the road. It was long after nightfall when they reached the house, and all the family were abed. Mrs. Kingsbury hastened down to receive her husband and guests, and was not a little terrified, upon saluting the supposed Betty, to feel the impression of a rough beard upon her cheeks. "It is an outlaw, then, that you have brought home with you !" said she to her husband. "It is the prince himself," replied Kingsbury. "The prince ! alas ! then we are all undone !" "We can die but once," said the faithful islander, "and where could we find a nobler cause to die in ? But make haste, and get some supper for his Royal Highness ; give us some eggs, and butter, and cheese." "Eggs, butter, and cheese for a prince's supper !" cried the good woman in astonishment. "If you knew what kind of suppers he has been living upon of late, you would call that a feast. Besides, if you were to make any unusual preparation, it might excite suspicion ; so make haste, and come and take your place at table." "At table with a prince !" "To be sure. He would not eat without you, and his gracious manners and affability will soon put you at your ease." The supper was indeed a feast for Charles Edward, and when the ladies had retired, he remained at table to keep his host company, as gay and apparently as unconcerned as though he had never seen a day of sorrow. It was only in his slumbers that he betrayed the real state of his mind, and then no selfish complaint, no lament for his own sufferings, was ever heard to escape him ; but "Alas, my poor Scotland !" was the exclamation that broke from his lips.

Next morning he was again on his way ; but not till after a hearty breakfast, and after leaving a lock of his hair for Flora and his hostess, which, with the worn-out shoes that he had exchanged for a new pair of Kingsbury's, and the sheets in which he had slept, were carefully treasured up as precious relics of those days of trial. A circuitous route brought them down to the shore, where he was to embark for Raasay. The blood gushed from his nostrils in a copious stream as he

bade adieu to Kingsbury and to the noble-hearted Flora, who were soon to atone by a long captivity for this act of self-devotion.

Malcolm MacLeod, a cousin of the laird of Raasay, and who had served in the prince's army as a captain, now became his guide, and with him, after passing several days in a little hut on the island, he again returned, through another tempest, to the isle of Skye, and roamed for a while among the mountains, till his provisions were all exhausted. In this extremity, Malcolm resolved to carry him to the house of his sister, who had married the laird of MacKinnon. His brother-in-law was absent, but his sister received him with open arms, and went out herself to keep watch, while her guests reposed within. The old nurse came to wash Malcolm's feet, and when she had done, he asked her to wash the prince's, who passed for his servant. "I have washed the feet of your father's son," said she; "but why should I wash the feet of his father's son?" "But my good mother," replied Malcolm, "it will be an act of Christian charity. He, too, is weary as well as I." "And a great deal dirtier, too"; which was true, for the prince had fallen into a quagmire, and was covered with mud. The old woman complied, but not without murmuring, and when she came to wipe his legs, she handled her towel so roughly as to extort a slight expression of suffering from her patient. "In sooth," cried she with great indignation, "it well becomes your father's son to complain of my father's daughter!"

The wanderers slept a few hours. Charles Edward was the first to awake, and, seeing the little boy of his hostess near him, took the child upon his knees and began to sing to him. While he was thus engaged, Malcolm came in with the nurse, not a little surprised to see how he was occupied. "Who knows," said the prince, "but that this boy may some day or other become a captain in my service?" "Say, rather," cried the indignant old woman, "that you may perhaps get to be a sergeant in his company." Mrs. MacKinnon now came to announce the return of her husband, and Malcolm went out to meet him. "What would you do," said he to his brother-in-law, "if the prince were to come to you for an asylum?" "I would give my life to save him." "Come, then, for he awaits you at your house."

Despairing of meeting a vessel among the islands, which,

moreover, could no longer be relied upon as a shelter, Charles Edward resolved to return to the main land. MacKinnon furnished him with a boat, and, bidding adieu to Malcolm, he embarked in the height of a gale, and under the guns of two cruisers, confidently assuring his companions that the weather would quickly change, and deliver him both from the tempest and his enemies. Months of peril and daily familiarity with danger had given him a confidence in his good fortune, which could not easily be shaken. His prediction was verified. The horizon cleared, and a sudden change in the wind drove the cruisers off the coast. In embarking for Raasay, Charles Edward had quitted his disguise for the dress of an islander, and this he now exchanged for the costume of a mountaineer. The passage was quick, and the MacKinnons moored their little boat at the southern extremity of Loch Nevis. The first three nights they slept in the open air, the fourth in a cavern, and then wandered from one to another of the miserable little huts which the inhabitants had hastily erected upon the ruins of their houses ; for the vengeance of the Hanoverians had swept over the country, and blood and ashes were the records it had left behind. In this way the MacKinnons brought him in safety to the lands of MacDonald of Boisdale. "We have performed our duty," said they, "to the son of our king ; it is now your turn." "And I am happy to have the opportunity," was the noble reply.

Great as Charles's sufferings and privations had been, the hardest were yet to come. The passes of the mountains had been occupied by two corps of troops, of five hundred men each, who, like skilful hunters, were every day drawing closer and closer the circle which they had formed around their prey. After three days, which he passed in a cave, he was joined by his new guide, MacDonald of Glenaladale, and began his life of wandering once more. Sometimes a glass of milk was his only food for twenty-four hours, and then again two whole days would pass before he could find even that. His pursuers were so close upon him, that the light of their watchfires was often his only guide in escaping them, and more than once he had cause to bless the tempest and the mist, which came to screen him when every other shelter had failed. Once he forgot his purse, and, while Glenaladale went back to look for it, a party of soldiers passed directly under the rock behind which the prince was secreted. Another

time, after walking all night, he came out upon a point whence he could see the kind of chase in which the soldiers pursued the mountaineers, driving them before them and keeping up a constant fire from their muskets, as if the poor wretches had been beasts of prey enveloped in the toils. He laid his hand upon his sword, and would have rushed forward to their defence, if his companions had not forcibly prevented him from this rash exposure of his person. He continued his march all day, and at night took shelter in a crevice among the rocks, so narrow that he could not lie down in it, and where the wind and the rain came in on every side. At first, his companions tried to kindle a fire, but found it impossible. "Never mind," said he; "let us content ourselves with the sparks."

The next day brought them to the canton of the "seven men of Glenmoriston," a band of outlaws who had taken refuge among the wildest passes of the mountains, every foot of which they were familiar with, and where they lived at the sword's point, setting the English at defiance, while all the rest of the country, a prey to the outrages of the soldiery, was trembling around them. It was from these men that Charles Edward resolved to ask shelter. Glenaladale went forward to treat with them, hoping to pass off the prince for Clanranald. "Clanranald is welcome," said they; but no sooner did they see the pretended chieftain, than one of them hastened forward, crying aloud, with a significant air, — "You are come, then, at last, Dougal Maccolony?" He had recognized the prince under his coarse tartan, all soiled and ragged as he was, and Charles Edward, perceiving his intention, answered readily to the name. The chief now proposed the robber's oath: — "May we turn our backs to God and our faces to the Devil, may all the curses of the Bible fall upon us and our children, if ever we betray those who confide in us." When it came to the prince's turn, they told him that an oath from him was needless, for they knew who he was, and, falling on their knees, swore to stand by him to the last drop of their blood.

To procure him a change of linen, they waylaid an English officer; to supply his table, they laid the sheepcots of the surrounding country under contribution; and, hearing him express a wish for a newspaper, one of them ventured into Fort Augustus in disguise, and brought away the papers of the

commander. Sometimes Charles Edward would reprove them for their profanity, and they listened respectfully to his rebukes ; for, wherever he went, he was sure to win the affections of his companions, and when, in after years, those iron-hearted men told the story of his sojourn among them, it was always with a tremulous voice and a tearful eye.

After three weeks of this wild life, he joined the Camerons in the little hut where Lochiel had taken refuge. Glenaladale was despatched to the coast to try if he could hear tidings of a vessel. In a few days the prince was obliged to flee again to another shelter, which he now found in a cavern among the rocks of Letternilich, called the Cage, so high in the air and of a form so peculiar, that it looks as if a giant's hand had suspended it there. Here he remained eleven days, from the 2d to the 13th of September, when Glenaladale came back to announce that two French ships of war had cast anchor in Lochnanaugh bay. The five months of wandering and peril were at length at a close.

On the 19th of September, Charles Edward descended to the shore, attended by Lochiel and his brother, and a numerous train of their friends and adherents, who preferred exile in a foreign land to the persecutions which awaited them at home. A large crowd, brothers, sisters, and friends, were gathered on the beach to bid them an adieu, which, whatever might be the caprices of fortune, must for so many of them be the last. A gleam of hope seemed to light up their dejected countenances, when the prince spoke to them of happy days yet in store, and, drawing his sword, promised them that he would again come back to them with a more powerful army and for a surer triumph. But when they looked upon his haggard features and tattered garments, and saw in the melancholy train of exiles that surrounded him the bravest and most beloved of their chiefs, their hearts sunk within them, and their farewell was uttered in sighs and tears.

Another danger awaited the prince on the coast of France, from an English fleet which was cruising there, and which he was fortunate enough to pass through under cover of a fog. At length, on the 10th of October, after a tedious and anxious passage of twenty days, he landed at Roscoff, near Morlaix, on the coast of Brittany. The moment that his arrival became known, the noblemen of the province hasten-

ed to bid him welcome; vying with each other in supplying his wants and those of his companions. After two days' repose, he set out for Paris, whither he had already despatched one of his attendants with letters for his brother, the Duke of York, who came out to meet him and accompany him to the castle of St. Antoine, which had been fitted up for his reception by order of the court. This time, the king could not refuse to admit him to his presence ; and accordingly, a few days after his arrival at Paris, he proceeded with a splendid train to Fontainebleau, where the court was then residing, in order to receive his audience. The story of his gallantry and his romantic adventures had excited a strong interest in the Parisian circles, and he was everywhere received with the most unequivocal marks of enthusiasm and sympathy. But the ministry still continued to meet all his proposals with doubts and objections, and he was not long in perceiving that there was nothing to hope from a government frivolously false, and a court sunk in debauchery. He went to Madrid, and was equally unsuccessful. Soon after his return, the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was signed, and he was driven from his asylum in France, under circumstances of the utmost indignity and humiliation. Avignon, which was then under the dominion of the church, proved an insecure refuge, and Venice refused to receive him.

All at once he disappeared from the world ; all traces of him were lost, his letters were without date, and nobody knew whither he had gone. Meanwhile, his partisans in London were preparing for a new outbreak, and, could their reports be trusted, every thing was ripe for a revolution. All of a sudden he appeared in the midst of them, at a large assembly which had been called in London, in order to receive some important communications from France. " Here I am," said he, " ready to raise my banner ; give me four thousand men, and I will instantly put myself at their head." This was a test for which the conspirators, men fonder far of talking than of acting, were not prepared ; and, after passing a few days in London, he returned to the continent.

The remainder of his life is a melancholy tissue of public and private sorrows ; of disappointed hopes, unrequited affection, trust misplaced, and confidence betrayed, and a mind so bruised and saddened by its struggles with the world, that self-oblivion became its sole relief. We know of nothing more



melancholy than the contrast which the following little sketch, which we translate from the autobiography of Domenico Corzi, offers with the scenes that we have attempted to trace in the first pages of the present paper.

"I lived two years," says he, "with the Prince Charles Edward. All this time he led a very retired life, and saw nobody. It was under the last Pope, who had refused to acknowledge his title. In this retirement, he passed the greater part of his time in practising music, of which he was enthusiastically fond. I passed the evenings with him; he played the violoncello, and I the harp, and we used to compose little pieces together. But these *tête-à-tête* were far from being cheerful. The apartment was hung with old red damask, and lighted by only two tapers. Upon the table was a brace of pistols, instruments very little to my taste, which he would take up from time to time to examine, and then lay them down again. His manners, however, were always mild, affable, and agreeable."

In this manner he passed the last years of his life, dividing his time between Rome and Florence, at times seeing more of the world, and at others living in absolute seclusion, but preserving to the end so grateful a remembrance of the fidelity of which he had received such striking proofs in Scotland, that a Scottish song or an allusion to those scenes never failed to call forth his tears, and often threw him into fits. He sank by a gradual though a premature decay, till at length, abandoned by the world and forgotten of all, save a few devoted followers, whose truth held out to the last, he expired at Rome, on the 31st of January, 1788.

We can hardly venture to draw a portrait of this unhappy prince, or to weigh his qualities in an accurate balance. His public career was too brief to afford room for the full development of his character, and his private life so much embittered by sorrow, and parts of it are still enveloped in a veil of such impenetrable mystery, that it is hardly possible to come to any conclusion which shall not be open to serious objections. His courage, his magnanimity, his generosity, his fortitude, his humanity, his patience in the hour of suffering, and his promptitude and self-command in the midst of danger, are qualities which none can dispute, and all must admire. But the liberality of his principles was never brought to the test of a practical application, and the generous sentiments which he professed towards his political ad-

versaries were never subjected to the perilous trial of long-continued prosperity. If compared with his immediate opponent, the Duke of Cumberland, the qualities of his heart appear to the greatest advantage ; if with George, his enlightened views and elevated sentiments shine out with the purest lustre. On a throne he might have lost somewhat of the vigor, and perhaps, too, something of the amiability, of his character ; at the head of his troops, his energy and self-control commanded the respect of all, and his kindness and affability made him the idol of his soldiers.

Why should we seek to go farther, or darken the shadows upon so bright a picture ? There are minds to which success is a necessity, which go on firmly, brightly, purely, with a constantly increasing elevation, to the full maturity of their development ; flowerets which expand their leaves and breathe out their odors to the sun, but shrink withering and scentless from the tempest. And do those who thus love to dwell upon faults rather than virtues know what it is to miss your destiny ; — to cherish a hope through long years, to dream of it by night, to bless the returning daylight which brings you nearer to its accomplishment, to direct all your efforts, train all your faculties, for this, and this alone, until your whole existence is absorbed by it, and, like the atmosphere you breathe, it becomes a part of you with every respiration ; and then, whether prepared or unprepared, whether by slow degrees or by a sudden blow, be deprived of it for ever ; — to look around you and see all desolate and dark ; to turn within and find a pulseless, rayless void ; to live, because life is a necessity, and continues to have its duties, even when it has ceased to have its charms ; but to protract it with loathing and shuddering, when you remember that it might have been a blessing ? Every man has his mission. Upon some it weighs so lightly, and they march on so easily and unconsciously towards the fulfilment of it, that you would almost accuse them of living for themselves alone. But there are beings of a more earnest nature, upon whose hearts the responsibilities of existence weigh like sorrow ; and if you ever see them smile, it is only when they feel that every day is bringing them nearer to the accomplishment of their destiny.

We cannot conclude our article without a few words upon the work to which we are indebted for the greater part of

the facts upon which it is founded. M. Amédée Pichot has long been known in continental literature, as the editor of one of those clever periodicals which reflect with so much truth and vivacity the movement of French intellect in the various realms of thought. But to American readers he brings a still higher claim, as the translator of Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*. It was during a tour in Scotland, and with Waverley for his guide-book, that he first formed the idea of a life of Charles Edward, as an episode of Scottish history. The canvass grew under his hands as he wrote, and he was gradually led to draw a full picture of the long rivalry between Scotland and England. The first edition of his work appeared in 1830; that which we have cited at the head of our article is the fourth, a sufficient proof of the favor with which it has been received. Each new edition contains important additions, new documents, drawn from their resting-places in public or in private archives, where they had lain for years unregarded, and, but for his untiring perseverance, might have lain there still. During this interval, other writers have followed him into the field which he had opened; Brown and Lord Mahon in England, and two in Germany. But as he was the first, so he continues to be the best; and the enthusiasm which he brought to the beginning of his task seems, at the end of twenty years, to be as bright as ever.

A work composed under such circumstances must, necessarily, be original. M. Pichot's idea and plan are his own, and the execution of them is accurate and able. The state of parties, the popular mind as manifested in the popular literature of the day, all the great questions which were then in agitation, and many of those often neglected accessories which throw so strong a collateral light upon historical events, have found a place in his volumes, many of them being treated with skill, and all with great apparent fidelity. Though far from believing in the doctrine of divine right, he is a warm admirer of his hero; but we cannot perceive that his sympathies have anywhere given a false coloring to his narrative; and that man must be cold-hearted indeed, who should have no other feeling than that of common interest for a friend of twenty years' standing. If we were disposed to look for faults in a work of so much merit, we should say, that here and there we could have wished for greater fulness

of detail, somewhat more of earnestness and warmth in the narrative, and of vigor and compression in the style ; but it is none the less the fullest and most satisfactory history that has yet appeared of this interesting period.

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ART. II. — *Lives of Men of Letters and Science, who flourished in the time of George the Third*. By HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM, F. R. S. Second Series. Philadelphia : Carey & Hart. 1846. 12mo. pp. 302.

WE give a hearty welcome to this new volume from such a distinguished hand. It contains another series of animated portraits, struck off with free and bold execution. The writer, powerful as he is, has not, in every respect, the best qualifications for such a work ; but the reader is sure of finding independent views and valuable information ; and if there should be a measure of prejudice and occasional passion, this will only prove that his Lordship is not exempt from the misleading influences with which less gifted minds are afflicted. In the case of men of science, having a natural taste for their investigations, he has entered with all his heart into those studies and discoveries to which they are indebted for their fame. With moralists and literary men, he is, of course, less successful and happy. But a mind like his, which has been for years in a state of intense activity, cannot be turned to any subject without throwing light upon it, though it may, peradventure, be accompanied with occasional bursts of flame. At any rate, it is a good example for retired statesmen thus to engage in intellectual labors. Would it might be followed by persons of the same description in this country, who, after escaping from the scuffle of politics in the condition of Canning's "needy knife-grinder," with garments rent in twain, before the sartor can repair the damage they have sustained, are impatient as the war-horse to be in the same glorious strife again.

It is rather a curious procession which the ex-Chancellor now calls up from the deep. At its head rolls on the stern and melancholy Johnson, apparently not aware that he is file-leader to the eloquent Adam Smith, who was so distasteful